

THE SKETCH.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



A COQUETTE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The great battle between the Japanese and Chinese on Sunday is the main topic of news. The total Chinese loss is estimated at 17,000, and the prisoners number 14,500, including five generals, who practically formed the Chinese effective staff. In consequence of the defeat, the intrigues against Li-Hung-Chang have gained in strength, and the Emperor has, it is said, deprived the Viceroy of his three-eyed peacock feather.—Two Gladstone letters are published this morning. The people of Aberdeen are contemplating the municipalisation of the liquor traffic, and the Bishop of Chester, addressing a meeting there to-night, read an extract from a letter written by Mr. Gladstone, who stated that he has long held that "the principle of selling liquors for the public profit offered the sole chance of escape from the present miserable and almost contemptible predicament, which was a disgrace to the country. Local Option could be no more than a partial and occasional remedy. The ex-Premier also wrote a letter congratulating Sir Frederick and Lady Milbank on their golden wedding: "I am, indeed, far ahead of you in years, and my view of the other world must be regarded as a very near one."—A desperate encounter between 100 constables and a body of 5000 miners on strike occurred at Motherwell.—President Casimir-Perier attended the fortress manoeuvres at Vaujours, and afterwards entertained the officers at lunch in the courtyard. In proposing "The Health of the French Army" he emphasised the value for civic purposes of military discipline.—The Emperor of Austria, in reply to an address of the Hungarian Primate, assured the clergy of his unalterable favour.—The Consul of Madagascar in London, in an interview, says that the island would be a white elephant to France, except for strategic purposes.

Wednesday. The land battle in Corea has been followed by a great naval engagement. On the day of the Ping-Yang disaster a strong squadron of the Chinese navy were about to land troops at the mouth of the Yalu River, which forms the boundary between China and Corea, when the Japanese warships appeared and immediately attacked their foe. The conflict lasted six hours, and resulted in the destruction of four Chinese warships and two or three transports, and, it is said, of three or four Japanese vessels. The remainder of the Chinese fleet recrossed the Bay of Corea to their own shores, and the Japanese fleet also withdrew. The Chinese Admiral Ting was wounded in the action. The Chinese now admit that they lost 7000 men at Ping-Yang.—The Prince of Wales arrived at Balmoral.—A Requiem Mass in memory of the Comte de Paris was celebrated in the French Chapel, Little George Street, Portman Square. It is said that the Comte received his first Communion in this chapel at ten years of age, and that his grandfather, Louis Philippe, presented a valuable painting, "The Descent from the Cross," to the chapel as a memento of the occasion.—The cavalry manoeuvres in Berkshire came to an end with a field-day lasting over seven hours.—A large audience, including the Mayor, witnessed another bull-fight, arranged by M. Lebaudy, at Maisons-Laffitte. Two bulls were killed.

Thursday. Lord Rosebery opened the annual Exhibition of Highland Industries and Arts at Inverness, and was subsequently presented with the freedom of the burgh. He spoke of the wholesome instinct of the Scottish nation, which enabled political opponents to recognise private merits despite political differences. Inverness, he said, was visited, perhaps, less for what it is than for what it was under the tragic circumstances of a century and a half ago. The period following Culloden was marked by atrocities as great as were ever committed in any conquered country, but he found encouragement in the fact that, after all, terrible as were the cruelties perpetrated—unequalled and unprecedented, perhaps, in that century in any part of what is now the United Kingdom—wise and patient statesmanship had led the population on whom they were practised to loyalty to the Crown, to loyalty to the Government, and contentment to the Administration under which they live.—Lord Houghton laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Alsager.—The Scottish Miners' Federation protests against the brutal assaults said to have been committed on the strikers by English police-constables.—The balance-sheet of the Cabdrivers' Union in connection with the recent strike shows that the total receipts to July 28 were £8202. The expenditure was £8111, leaving a balance of £91.—Sir Walter Foster, M.P., opening an exhibition of co-operative production at Derby, said we might look forward to the time when the worker would be his own capitalist.—This was the anniversary of the Battle of the Alma, and 320 Crimean veterans were hospitably entertained to dinner at Manchester.—The anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome in 1870 was celebrated to-day in Italy. The Italian residents in London held a dinner in the Freemasons' Tavern under the chairmanship of the Marquis Paulucci de Calboli, of the Italian Embassy.—Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann, the author of the famous children's book "Struwwelpeter," died suddenly of apoplexy at Frankfort-on-the-Main, the town in which he was born in 1809.

Friday. Another battle is expected in Corea from the fact that all telegraphic communication has been stopped. The Mikado has telegraphed his warmest thanks to Admiral Ito and the officers and men engaged in the fight off the mouth of the Yalu. Captain Ingles, late Naval Adviser to the Japanese Government,

says the battle is the second largest since Trafalgar, and he speaks of the land engagement at Ping-Yang as one of the most brilliant feats of strategy ever accomplished. The Empress of Japan is promoting the Red Cross work.—Lord Londonderry, speaking at Carlisle, defended the action of the Lords in rejecting the Home Rule Bill.—An Exhibition of British and Colonial products and manufactures was opened in Manchester.—Viscountess Sherbrooke is erecting a memorial to her husband in the form of a bust, which is to be placed over the porch of the north door of St. Margaret's, Westminster, facing the House of Lords.—The Lord Mayor presented the new coins to the Bluecoat boys.—The daily average of foot-passengers across the Tower Bridge has been 55,509, and of vehicles 6074.—The pleasure steamer Woolwich Belle, in entering Harwich harbour, ran into a barge and became disabled.—Henry Winter, a stage-manager, was committed at Bow Street for trial on a charge of perjury, alleged to have been committed by him in the course of divorce proceedings against his wife thirteen years ago.—A miners' strike has broken out in Silesia.—The Berlin City Council has approved of a scheme for the construction of an elevated electric railway in the streets.

Saturday. The results of the naval fight of Yalu are becoming clearer. The Japs admit that four of their ships were crippled, and it seems to be admitted that not one of the Chinese warships escaped uninjured.—The death is announced of an old salt, Captain Grey Skipwith, born in 1811, who was engaged in the taking of Chapoo, Shanghai, and other towns in China more than half a century ago.—Madame Fursch-Madi, the operatic soprano, is dead.—A Bakers' Exhibition was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The management are to give 20,000 loaves daily to the wives and children of the Scottish miners now on strike.—A mass meeting of Government tailors was held in Hanbury Street to denounce the "abominable sweating to which we are subjected."—The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain was held to-night. Of the 800 exhibits sent in, 300 had been rejected.—A boy of sixteen, said to be a brother of Miss Louise Montague, the actress who recently appeared at the Gaiety, was remanded at Bow Street on the charge of being a suspected person, found on enclosed premises (the Savoy Hotel) for the purpose of committing a felony.—Five men were committed for trial at Pembroke on the charge of making a murderous assault on one of Lord Cawdor's game-keepers.—A lifeboat demonstration was held at Bristol.—The world's record was beaten in the twelve-hours' path race at Herne Hill for the Anchor Shield. Twenty-seven competitors entered, among them being Wridgeway, the holder of the shield. He was defeated by A. G. Walters, who covered 258 miles 120 yards in the time. The previous world's record was 251 miles 1700 yards.

Sunday. A demonstration in favour of the amnesty movement was held in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, the Lord Mayor presiding. Mr. John Redmond said that all Nationalists were united in saying that the Irishmen now in English prisons were political offenders, the crimes with which they were charged having been committed with the object of benefiting their country and advancing the National cause. There could be no final settlement of the Irish Question so long as a single Irish political prisoner was held a victim in the clutches of England.—Dr. E. W. Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, lectured to a crowded congregation at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, on John Sterling, whom he compared to his father in spiritual growth and experience.—The Princess of Wales and her daughters left Copenhagen on board the royal yacht Osborne for Aberdeen, from which she goes to Balmoral.—A Harvest Festival was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Archdeacon Farrar condemned the characteristic thanklessness of the age in which we live.—Prince Bismarck was again visited at Varzin by a large deputation of his admirers. He declared that the aims of the Polish nobles' party were those of a party of revolution, which the Germans must combat; but as long as the German people stood by the Emperor and their princes there was no danger. He endorsed the Kaiser's observation that an opposition of the nobility was justifiable only if the King were at its head.—The Bulgarian elections took place to-day.

Monday. Mr. Tree and his company, who had been playing in Edinburgh last week, and who were to have opened in Dublin to-night, appeared, by command of the Queen, at Balmoral, and gave "The Balladmonger" and "The Red Lamp."—The Duke of Cambridge reviewed the troops of the York garrison.—The conference of the Sanitary Institute opened at Liverpool.—The French Minister of Public Works has proposed, and the President has sanctioned, the appointment of a Special Commission to consider under what conditions a maritime canal between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean could be made, and what would be the probable results if it were constructed.—Another Alpine accident is recorded, for it is reported from Zermatt that a party composed of two guides and a tourist had been surprised during an ascent of a mountain by the falling of a rock. One of the famous guides, named Joseph Biner Mayer, of Zermatt, was killed.—A hundred people are said to have been killed in a great cyclone which has swept over part of Iowa and Minnesota.

The Poet Scout, who brings his visit to England to an end on Saturday, returns to the United States, to go on a lecturing tour.



THE SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN.

DRAWN BY FRED HALL.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING.
Special Engagement of MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL,
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MRS. HARRIET GOOCH, Proprietress.—MRS. ANNA RUPPERT'S SEASON, Saturday
Evening, Sept. 29. Mrs. Anna Ruppert and Mr. Charles Warner in Victorien Sardou's great
Four-Act Play, ODETTE, the English adaptation.
Mrs. Anna Ruppert and Mr. Warner will be assisted by the following: Messrs. Bernard Gould,
H. Flemming, Paul Berton, Rothbury Evans, S. Lascelles, E. Howard, S. Bowkett, G. Tompkins,
and Rosse, Mesdames Marie Cecil, E. Williams, B. Sheridan, W. L. Abingdon, De Sala,
E. Valmar, R. Dupré, Doreen Dennis, and Earlin. Costumes by Worth et Cie., New Bond Street.
Floral Decorations by Wills and Segar.
Tickets, at the usual prices, to be had at the Libraries, also at the Princess's Theatre,
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EMPIRE.—TWO GRAND BALLETS: THE GIRL I LEFT
BEHIND ME and LA FROLIQUE. Grand Varieties. An entirely new series of Living
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TWICE DAILY.—12 and 6 p.m. SEATS from 1s. to 5s. NO EXTRA CHARGES.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

LINGFIELD RACES.—TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,
OCTOBER 2 and 3.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS (First and Third Class), from Victoria 11.30 a.m., Clapham Junction
11.35 a.m., and from London Bridge 11.30 a.m., New Cross 11.40 a.m., East Croydon 11.55 a.m.,
also from Kensington (Addison Road) 11.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea;
returning immediately after the Races.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (First Class only) for Club Members will leave Victoria 11.55 a.m.
A SPECIAL TRAIN (First and Third Class) will leave Brighton (Central Station) at 11.55 a.m.,
calling at Hayward's Heath; returning immediately after the Races.

A SPECIAL TRAIN (First and Third Class) will leave Tunbridge Wells at 12 noon, calling
at Groombridge and East Grinstead; returning immediately after the Races.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS from Hastings and St. Leonards 9.10 a.m., Eastbourne
10 a.m., Lewes 11 a.m., Redhill Junction 10.50 a.m., Horsham 10.30 a.m., and Three Bridges
11.15 a.m.; returning immediately after the Races.

For full particulars, Special Cheap Fares (including admission to the Course), see handbills.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

NOTICE

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1894,

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PUBLIC OPINION.

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THEOCRITUS BROWN'S BLAZE.

At last Theocritus Brown was an M.A.

For years, ay, well-nigh half-a-score, Gofftoon taverns, Union, and
University had known Theocritus. The first Home Rule Bill was yet
unborn, and Gladstone and Argyll were members of one Cabinet, when
Theocritus, strong in Greek and a dab at Conic Sections, medallist of the
Glenbogle parish school, left his native wilds and came to Gofftoon,
entered the Bursary competition, and was placed forty-seventh.

And now, in the fulness of time, and after three spins in classics,
seven in mathematics, and three in philosophy, his career had been
crowned with the desired degree.

An M.A.—he would be a journalist. Had not the magazine placed
his *jeux d'esprit* and ballads next the editorials? Meredith he adored,
Shelley was his poet. Theocritus went back to Glenbogle, wrote satires
for the *Glenbogle Gazette* for nothing a column, and waited, like Micawber,
for developments.

He knew a cashier, a Glenbogle man, in the office of a Glasgow
morning paper. Letters passed between the two, and on the first
anniversary of Brown's capping-day the cashier, who had been at school
with the graduate's father, wrote—

DEAR THEOC.—Yours to hand. We have a vacancy for a junior reporter—
salary 12s. 6d. a week. All well at Glenbogle? Remember me to your father
and mother.—Yours truly, J. QUILLCASH.

P.S.—When you apply, don't mention your degree. If you do you're
damned.—J. Q.

A junior reportership was not exactly the kind of post for which
"Dear Theoc" thought himself fitted—an assistant-editorship, he
reflected, would have been better—but the years were going on, some-
thing must be done, and it could not be long before his chance would
come. So he went to Glasgow.

Now, Theocritus had ideas, and scorned convention. Stereotyped
grooves would know him not, and cast-iron orthodoxy he would ignore.
Never, he mentally swore, would he write "in connection with" or
"phenomenally," and if he used "under the auspices of," "it may be
mentioned," or "then went on to say," his friends would be justified in
concluding that his reason had gone.

It was the end of his seventh day on the staff of the *Constitutional
Recorder*, and Brown was in the throes of a lurid composition. Alone
he had attended a "disastrous conflagration," and now his impressions
were being committed to paper. Shortly before midnight he had
produced the following, which he read over with feelings of pride and
satisfaction—

Tuesday, Nov. 28, 189— Time 8.30 p.m.

In the Central Fire Brigade Office the men are whiling away the hour,
chaffing, draught-playing, and reading the evening papers, when "Tr-r-ring!
Whirr!" It is the fire-alarm! Quick as thought the scene is changed.
Automatically the great doors fly open, helmets are donned, and belts buckled.
Into their places trot the horses, and down comes the harness with a cheery
click. "Zud-zud-zud!" go the impatient hoofs of the animated steeds with
resonant rattle on the flooring, and off they clatter, "steamers," carriages,
and all! Down the quiet gutter-frequented arteries of the city they dash
at neck-break pace, on through the fog and cold of the dull autumnal night.
"Swish! slur-r-r!" and with a skid of the wheels the ponderous vehicles are into
a brilliantly lit and busy thoroughfare. "Bir-r-r-ll-ll!" wildly goes the captain's
rattle, like the disturbed shriek of some fierce cormorant, and cabs and men clear
the way. From the locomotive organ of an exotic instrumentalist cheerily rise
the strains of "Oh! Mr. Porter," and their melody is lost general discord. On,
on, on to the outskirts of the great city. Narrow, deserted, evil-looking pends
once more. On, on, on! Not a star in the heavens. Away to the east Aurora
Borealis-like floods of light spasmodically illumine the sky. Nearer and near
dash the machines with a wild whirl . . . until now the blaze is reached.
Crash goes a wall, and there is a great scattering of humanity. Serrated sheets
of carmine nictate venomously, and over all the burning buildings hangs a
carbonaceous pall. And now the winds rise and accelerate the combustion at
a rate inversely proportional to the square of their combined velocities. Aqueous
streaks beat upon the walls, but what profiteth the brigade to save the stone and
lime when the penetralia are doomed? Fire is in the ascendant, and the great
oil-works of Messrs. Hydro-Carbon and Company in Commerce Lane are numbered
with the works that were. The main block is a hell-like shell of flames. See,
now the fiend grips the throat of the adjoining store, and as cask after cask
succumbs the air is filled with showers of sparks, which would cause the Cæsar of
Crystal Palace Pyrotechnicism turn green with envy. The murmurings of the
multitude mix with the crash of walls, beams, and machinery, the swish of water,
and the throbbing pulsations of the engines. Brave fellows, their hydrocephalous
headgears gleaming with reflected ruddiness, dash hither and thither, and in very
truth they fight the flames. Nimble as squirrels, they scale the parapets, and
from coigns of vantage turn a score of brazen nozzles towards the foe. Slowly
but surely their efforts tell, and now the conflagration performs a *diminuendo*,
dwindles, slowly at first, then rapidly, until, after three-score and ten minutes of
a brush, man is victorious. The fire is past, the crowd disperses, and the flame-
subduers depart, and as they gallop citywards the chief mutters to himself,
"Ay, ay! at one fell swoop three thousand pounds!—three thousand pounds!—
three thousand pounds!"

With a cheery flourish, he headed his copy—

A FELL BLAZE!

ONE MORE THREE-STOREY GONE TO ITS DOOM!

and put it into the shoot for the sub-editor's room. Then he went home
and dreamt he edited the *Times*.

Next morning Theocritus was early in the office, and with nervous
confidence he opened the current issue of the *Recorder* and scanned the
column-tops. No, not there. A faintness came upon him. Yes; there
it was, beyond all doubt, down among the soap advertisements—a five-
line paragraph with a side-heading—

FIRE IN THE CITY.—Shortly after eight o'clock last evening a fire broke out in
the oil-works of Messrs. Hydro-Carbon and Co., in Commerce Lane. The Central
Fire Brigade were promptly on the scene, but before the flames could be extin-
guished damage was done to the extent of £3000.

His chance had come—and gone.

"A STORY OF WATERLOO."

Never was Mr. Irving's personal magnetism more potently exercised than it was on Friday last, when it drew a score or so of critics from London to Bristol, and filled the pretty Prince's Theatre in that city with an enthusiastic audience to witness the production of a little one-act play by Dr. Conan Doyle. But though "A Story of Waterloo" is only a curtain-raiser, it is worth going a very long way to see when Mr. Irving appears as Corporal Gregory Brewster, late of the Third or Scots Guards, who fought at Waterloo and performed noble deeds of derring do. "A Story of Waterloo" is not a play in the accepted sense of the term; it has neither plot nor dramatic situation; it is merely an admirable sketch of character, a study of the last hour of life of an heroic old warrior who has fallen into his dotage. And with what consummate art, with what masterly power, with what fine instinct and imagination, Mr. Irving portrays his character and gives vitality to this study! The man lives before us; the episode becomes for us a bit of actual experience. We realise the pity and pathos of broken old age as we seldom have the chance of realising it, and, at the same time, the

and by a spirited young sergeant of Artillery and the Colonel of his old regiment, the Scots Guards—these gallantly represented by Mr. Fuller Mellish and Mr. Haviland. When his dormant senses are aroused at the sight and sound of a marching regiment, and he feebly tries to rise to the salute in the presence of the Colonel, and then begs the favour of a flag and a firing party when his final "call" shall come, I defy any man of sensibility to look on without experiencing a thrill of emotion. Lyceum audiences may well look forward to an artistic treat when "A Story of Waterloo" is seen in Wellington Street.—M. C. S.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The German company of players have not been idle during the past week at the Opéra Comique, for no fewer than four plays have been presented. Freytag's "Graf Waldemar" was repeated, and we have also had a comedy, "Tilli," by Francis Stahl; a *Volksstück*, "Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld," by L. Gruber, and on Saturday evening "Robert und Bertram." The company showed to best advantage in "Tilli," which is reminiscent of "The Private Secretary." Its humour turns on a fond



"I HAVE DONE WITH YOU."

MR. A. BOURCHIER AND MISS ALMA STANLEY IN ACT I.

"THE DERBY WINNER," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

exquisite art of the whole study unobtrusively commands our admiration. Mr. Irving has never achieved a greater artistic triumph than this, although, of course, it is on a smaller scale than any of the great efforts which have acquired for him his fame. On Friday night "The Bells" was played after Dr. Conan Doyle's little play; yet I am not sure that Mr. Irving did not appear to me and to many of his audience as a greater actor when impersonating the feeble old soldier than he did in his remarkable embodiment of the remorse-haunted Mathias. Dr. Doyle has elected to show us his Waterloo veteran at the very end of his life, and though, after all, eighty-six years do not necessarily produce such a condition of senility as that of Corporal Brewster—witness, for instance, the virile vigour of that grand old octogenarian, Mr. Howe, in Mr. Irving's own company—the author has pictured the old man in that common mental state of the aged when the events of yesterday are but a blur in the memory, while seventy years ago has become as yesterday, with all the long past incidents clearly remembered. This, of course, would explain the fact of a man of eighty-six talking still of the stage-coach, and expressing surprise at a young girl travelling forty miles by train, and also of an old soldier who lives in Woolwich forgetting that the modern breechloader had taken the place of the old Brown Bess of Waterloo days. With numberless simple touches like these, Dr. Doyle gives life and nature to the sketch, which Mr. Irving amplifies with all the subtle resources of his art. And what a beautifully pathetic picture this is of the dying old soldier, surrounded by his affectionate little niece—most tenderly and charmingly personated by Miss Annie Hughes—

mother's desire to make aristocratic alliances for her family, and how her wishes are frustrated by the plebeian choice of the latter. "Tilli" was admirably acted, much better, indeed, than one sees at many London theatres, because much more equal. Two sprightly new-comers were introduced in Miss Toni Hoops, who has a real sense of comedy, and Miss Anna Hoeke. Miss Elly Arndt was admirable as a circus rider, in a part that reminded one of the gutta percha girl in the "Arabian Nights." Herr Ernst Petersen was funny as the father of the family, and Frau Dr. Heinold-Thomann showed experience as his wife. "Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld" is interesting as a specimen of a certain favourite type of Teutonic drama. The acting, save in one or two instances, was not at all remarkable, while one was struck by the omnipresence of the prompter. The story centres round a village priest, the pastor of Kirchfeld, against whom a scandal is promulgated, and who lives it down by the force of his innate goodness. That sort of part is always fascinating, and serves to keep together a series of incidents that would otherwise have little cohesion. The representation was saved from failure by the admirable acting of Herr Cäsar Beck, who was very good as Graf Waldemar. He pitched his acting in an impressive key, and kept the attention of the house from first to last against many disadvantages. There has been nothing flashy in the week's work or in the players, but, taken all round, the company show one how the stock-trained actor can tackle with equal ability a series of the most widely different parts. The contributions of the orchestra, under Herr Holländer, have been very enjoyable.

Mr. Arthur Roberts opened at the Prince of Wales's Theatre this week with the new burlesque on the old theme of "Claude Duval," for a short season, which will, I hope, be quite as prosperous as that other short season of his with George Dance's "A Modern Don Quixote," at the Strand, last summer. The authors of "Claude Duval" are Mr. Fred Bowyer, a well-known writer of pantomimes, sketches, and music-hall ditties, and another gentleman facetiously and punningly described as "Payne Nunn," who is thought to be no other than Mr. Roberts himself.

The burlesque was successfully produced at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, on July 23, and has since then been on a triumphal progress through the provinces, winning golden opinions at such diverse and hence representative towns and cities as Birmingham, Dublin, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Nottingham, and Liverpool, the tour reaching its last stage at Manchester. In the title-part Mr. Roberts introduces, among other tit-bits, imitations of a barmaid and of a Society lady, and important parts are also played by Mr. Charles E. Stevens, as a fellow-highwayman. Pincher, otherwise known as Lord "Touchem," by Mr. H. O. Clarey as a detective called Sherlock Holmes - Spotter, and by Mr. Eric Thorne as a jolly old baronet.

Mr. Roberts has brought a recruit to town in the person of Miss Florrie Schubert. A descendant of the great composer, she comes of a musical family. Her eldest sister, Miss Annie Schubert, who made her mark in "La Cigale," is well known, and another sister, Miss Olga Schubert, is known throughout the provinces, where she has toured with Mr. Horace Lingard in his *répertoire* of comic operas, notably "Falka" and "Pepita." Miss Florrie, though only eighteen years old, has been on the stage a whole year. She served her apprenticeship in "La Cigale," and then played in the provinces the small part of Lady Walkover in "Morocco Bound." On the conclusion of the tour she met Mr. Arthur Roberts, who, after trying her voice, engaged her on the spot to play Marjorie Saxmundham, the heroine and principal lady in "Claude Duval."

Being in Paris, I went to the opening night of the Folies-Bergère, and was more than a little fetched to notice the "mixed emotions" with which our original "Living Picture" subjects were received there. Paris—at least, that section of it which favours the Rue Richer—likes its artistic effects strongly flavoured, and the æsthetic aspect of the Palace pictures did not appeal to the Jews, who like a pungent pick-me-up before dinner hour. I could not avoid a chuckle, indeed, over the plainly-written legend of "Is that all?" which appeared on some faces. St. Cyr danced wonderfully in wonderful dresses, and the "Demoiselles of the Twentieth Century" were psychologically a study.

In the last couple of years I have had the pleasure—if that is the right term to use—of witnessing about half-a-dozen examples of the pure, unadulterated "American sensational drama," a class of play which, to me, at any rate, is fraught with a dire significance. The other night it was my fate to see an extraordinary piece "written round" a quintet of trained dogs, who, in my humble opinion, far outshone their petticoated and trousered fellow-performers. To these dogs was assigned the duty of baulking the pair of "twopence coloured" villains, and wondrous were the feats which these handsome and clever animals accomplished. For instance, one quickly replaced the hero's knife with that of the villain, who had committed a murder with knife No. 1; a second dog deftly picked a rascal's pocket of a paper containing a poisonous powder which he was to administer in the convict-hero's rations, and both together brought down the house with their work in the big sensation scene. Bound on a railway line was a dreadful young person of the peculiarly exasperating Transatlantic sort, whom they might, for all I cared, have left to her fate. The villains had changed the signal-lights from danger to safety, and a train comes rolling along. Now, what do you think a four-footed *deus ex machina* does? He jumps up at the signal-posts, and, by tugging at a rope, makes the red danger light gleam again, just in time to stop the train, his companion also biting asunder the rope binding the dreadful young person. Was ever a "pit and gallery" audience regaled more sumptuously? As for myself, I smiled audibly.

z.

GERMAN ACTORS IN LONDON.

Mr. Charles F. Maurice is a courageous man. In this dead season, which is also called silly, he has established a Deutsches Theater in London, and is now waiting for his German countrymen to appreciate his pluck and his plays, and for the English public to throng the Opéra Comique, and see what an able company there is and what laughter-provoking power it possesses. It is the duty of *The Sketch* to recognise all new departures in the dramatic world, so a representative went the other morning to discover what he could of this enterprise. Out of the fog which was giving the Strand a beautiful Whistlerian effect, he bravely plunged into the outer darkness which surrounds the Opéra Comique, and accepted gratefully the guidance of Mr. Mansell in search of his prey. The theatre was wrapped in gloom, except that part of it which was wrapped in brown holland. On the stage a rehearsal was taking place in that leisurely manner which rehearsals possess, "a moving tide that almost seems asleep." I skirted the stage as gracefully as I could, almost putting my boot through the (scenic) root of a noble oak, and commenced an "Ascent of Man" very different from Professor Henry Drummond. Neither Mr. Mansell nor myself had alpenstocks, though we almost required them in "such a getting up stairs." When we arrived about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, I should imagine, a door faced us; it bore a card, legibly inscribed "Mr. Charles F. Maurice," and beneath it was a similar "strange device." Those last words are not inappropriate in connection with the climb I had just completed. The door having opened by a gentle propulsion from the outside, disclosed the good-natured director, Mr. Maurice, in earnest conversation with his handsome young partner and two other members of his company. The room was rather inconveniently crowded with a sofa, a desk, three chairs, and two bottles of seltzer water; but the friendly reception I had atoned for all deficiencies of space. The only German sentence I know leapt readily to my lips—a fact which ought to gratify the painstaking master who laboured long and wearily through dull Saturday afternoons trying to inculcate in me a love of German verbs. I may say, in passing, that the sentence was that beautifully courteous inquiry known to all Cook's tourists, "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" It would have been quite inadequate, not to say inappropriate, for me to have tested my German in this way, so I heaved a sigh of relief on finding that Mr. Maurice spoke very excellent English. Even his partner, who ventures very little into English, spoke that little wonderfully well. I asked Mr. Maurice if this was his first visit to England, and he told me that it was.

"I come from Hamburg," said he, "where we have a good theatre-loving public. The fees are very much lower than those which you have in this country, but then the salaries which we pay to actors and actresses are also very much less. Fifty pounds a month I should consider a very large income for an actor to get. This difference in prices seems to affect our audiences in London, though I have no doubt the Germans in the Metropolis freely pay half-a-guinea or more to see your English plays. I have been acting for four years and a half; all my family are musical, and I am very fond of singing, like most Germans. I have had three English companies over in Hamburg, including 'Carmen Up-to-Date,' and they were all a very fair success. Our companies are stationary, as a rule, in Germany; we do not go on tour, like your English actors do."

"Have you seen any of our leading actors, Mr. Maurice?"

"No," he replied, and then vivaciously added, as if to compensate for the omission, "but I have seen the 'Gaiety Girl.'"

"Are all your company new to London?"

"Yes; none of them have ever before faced an audience here. They have not yet settled down to their surroundings. We came without any heralds, and it is hard, up-hill work at first. Why, on our opening night I did not think we should have been able to play at all; the furniture was late in arriving, and there was I at seven o'clock with my coat off arranging it on the stage. However, all the company worked splendidly together, and, though we were at a terrible disadvantage, we managed to get through the evening."

They did, indeed, manage to get through the evening, for it was half an hour after midnight before the curtain fell on "Graf Waldemar."

"Nearly all my company are young like myself—for I am only twenty-eight—and they are very good-natured in helping things along. I enjoy their confidence," said Mr. Maurice, proudly. "I wear a 'home-coat' and a 'stage-coat,' I tell them. When I am wearing the 'home-coat' we are like friends together; when I am wearing the 'stage-coat' I am the director. Even if you cannot understand German, I think we will make you laugh. Now, the play we give on Saturday is most amusing—oh, very funny! I am a nobleman, but I steal lots of things; and this gentleman, he is also a lord, and we escape from the house, for they do not suspect us. Oh, you will laugh; it is very funny! The papers praise our 'Tilli.' That comedy, by Francis Stahl, has been a great success in Germany, and last night the audience laughed loudly over it."

"Yes; I see there was a good notice of 'Tilli' in the *Times*."

"Ah, yes; I have not seen it. I do not buy the papers, but I get the little cuttings," said he, pointing to a roll of Durrant's invaluable records. "When the little bundle arrives, then all the company come round me, for they cannot read English, and they ask me to translate what your English writers say of them."

We next conversed on general topics, and I learned that Mr. Maurice had been a considerable traveller. His longest journey was to Australia, whence his wife comes, and he is an accomplished linguist, speaking English, French, Russian, German, and just a little Italian. w.



Photo by Drageott, Birmingham.

MISS FLORRIE SCHUBERT.



Photo by Rumbler, Wiesbaden.

FRÄULEIN MILLI ELSINGER.



Photo by F. von Eggert, Riga.

FRÄULEIN ELEONORE VON DRILLER.



Photo by Wilcke, Hamburg.

FRÄULEIN TONI HOOPS.



Photo by Meyer, Berlin.

FRÄULEIN ELLY ARNDT.

A CHAT WITH FRÄULEIN VON DRILLER.

It was in her little dressing-room at the Opéra Comique, just before a rehearsal of "Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld," that I at last succeeded in discovering Fräulein von Driller.

"Is this your first visit to England?" I asked, as we sat down.



FRÄULEIN ANNA HOCKE.

Photo by Meyer, Berlin.

"*Bitte, bitte!*" she cried laughingly, with a pretty gesture of her slim hands. "I do not know one word of English."

Calling to my mind all my memories of Ollendorff, I repeated my question.

"My very first," she answered; "and it is so big, so strange! I come straight from Berlin; but that is nothing to your London." Then her blue eyes looked across at me with a friendly smile as she assured me my Teutonic efforts were very good.

"And is Berlin your native city?"

"Yes; I was born and educated there, in one of our large public girls' schools. But all my life I only cared to act."

"Then you love your work?" I queried, watching the pretty little figure leaning back in the blue-covered chair, and thinking how different it was to that of most German maidens, whose figures are not built on quite such lines of grace.

Fräulein von Driller is small and slim, with a pale, fair skin, showing hardly the faintest trace of colour, a small head, large blue eyes, and a quantity of blonde hair. She shares with most of her kinswomen that expression of quaint, fresh, large-eyed innocence which is the distinctive charm of the flaxen-haired *Mädchen*.

"Love my work! *Ach, liebes Fräulein! Ich lebe nur dafür* (I live for nothing else)."

"Then it was out of pure love that you went on the stage?"

"Indeed, yes; I could do nothing else. My people did not like it, but I was determined."

"You do not come of a theatrical family?"

"Oh, no, my father is *Kaufmann*"—a generic term for nearly every variety of business man. "He thought, like the rest of my country, that girls, when they leave school, should stop at home and learn to sew, cook, and keep house. Women were created to be *hausfrauen*, and he could not see what else they wanted. I do not know whether it is the same here with you?" turning to me with a charming little gesture of ignorance.

"I am afraid not quite," I replied gravely, inwardly smiling as I thought of the surprising developments of the New Woman. "And what part did you first play?"

"Oh, Susan, in an adaptation of one of M. Ohnet's works called 'Die Hütte-Besitze.' It was at Berlin. After that I played at Hamburg, Coblenz, Stettin, Aachen (better known over here as Aix-la-Chapelle), and last year in Riga."

"And were you successful from the first?"

Fräulein von Driller smiled. "I have been more than fortunate. At my *début* the critics spoke well of me, and I have just gone from one thing to another. But I began early; indeed, I was only fifteen when I played Susan, and I have studied hard."

"And your favourite character?"

"Gretchen; and then, after that, Nora in the 'Doll's House.'"

"Gretchen! Nora! Do you prefer tragic parts?"

Fräulein von Driller considered.

"I don't know," she said at last. "Comedy or tragedy—either, so long as the character is interesting and sympathetic."

Sounds in the distance warned me that my time was short; the rehearsal was beginning.

"What do you think of an English audience?" I asked. "Do you find it any different to a German one—less enthusiastic?"

"My experience has been so slight, you see; I played for the first time in England on Saturday, as Gertrud in 'Graf Waldemar.' There did not seem much difference."

"And will you stay here long?"

"That I cannot say. I do not know at all."

(Steps along the passage.)

"That means you must go," I said, nodding towards the door.

"I am afraid so. Are there any more questions you would like to ask me?"

"Plenty," I rejoined, as I shook hands. "It is so much easier to ask than to answer, you know. But your first visit to England will not be your last, I hope?"

"I hope not, too; so we will not at present say 'Adieu,' but 'Auf Wiedersehen.'"

A. M. H.

Photo by Bengue and Kindermann, Hamburg.
HERR CÉSAR BECK.Photo by Weitern, Hamburg.
DIRECTOR HERR CHARLES F. MAURICE.Photo by Zimmer, Dresden.
HERR ERNST PETERSEN.

A POET SCOUT.

HALF AN HOUR WITH CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

If a man is to be judged by his friends, London's latest visitor, Captain Jack Crawford, the famous Poet Scout of America, should possess a striking personality. Before he left America to try and prove himself entitled to the Wallace Estate, both the rival Yankee humourists, Nym Crinkle and Bill Nye, in characteristic letters, wished him God-speed; on his arrival in London the genial "Dagonet" enthused over him in the *Referee*; Lady Henry Somerset welcomed in him one of the most powerful advocates of temperance in the United States; while the Bishop of Derry and his colleague the Dean expressed, unsolicited, their delight in Captain Jack's Bret Hartean verse, after hearing a lecture and recitation delivered by the Poet Scout in aid of an Irish Eye and Ear Hospital. "Crawford," wrote one of the best descriptive writers in America, "is an odd genius, a great, big fellow with iron-grey moustache, and wearing his long hair down over his shoulders." And this description still holds good in the large drawing-room of the London caravanserai where he has taken up his abode; for though, when out of doors, the long grey curls are tucked up out of sight beneath a slouch hat, Captain Crawford received a representative of *The Sketch* in much the same costume as he has done some of his most perilous frontier work in.

"Yes, I suppose few men besides myself can boast of so strange and adventurous a career," he observed, in answer to a question; "and now has come this hope of a great fortune for my children. But though people are always expressing surprise at the extraordinary amount of incident, adventure, and hairbreadth escapes with which my whole existence has been filled, all has come in due sequence, and there has been a reason for all things. For instance, my comrades are sometimes astonished that I am such an advocate of teetotalism. The reason is not far to seek. My father's intemperance deprived me of even the rudiments of an education—I was taught my letters by the Sisters of Charity who nursed me after I was wounded in the great American War—and when my mother was dying she took hold of my hand, and said to me, 'Johnny, my boy, I could leave you to care for your little sisters in peace if you would only promise me that you would never touch a drop of liquor.' I gave her the promise, and I have kept it. She knew my wild nature, and realised better than I then could do what a temptation drink might become to me. Thus to my mother I consider I owe everything."

"You have had enough adventures to fill ten ordinary men's lives?"

"Well, I guess so. Many a time have I thought I heard the heavenly orchestra tuning up to play Captain Jack's grand march into Hallelujah Land. People sometimes ask me to tell them the story of my most wonderful escape, but this is not an easy matter, for when I was serving with the Federal troops, and later acting as Chief of Scouts in the Indian War of 1876, I had occasion to face death almost daily; but I will tell you how I spent, perhaps, the most perilous night of my life. It was during the Frontier War. Fifteen of us were close to Buffalo Gap, in the Black Hills, out in the open. Suddenly a party of a hundred Indians surrounded us. I knew that my comrades could hold out if only we could get reinforcements. Accordingly, I took off my moccasins, and waded some half-mile through the icy water of the creek stream, then ran twenty-five miles, mostly up-hill, till I reached Custer City, and, obtaining fifty more men, guided them back, without any delay, to the place where my comrades were entrenched."

"If it is not impertinent, may I ask why you wear your hair long?"

"It is a well-known fact that our greatest Indian fighting General of the American frontier, George A. Custer, wore long hair, dressed in buckskin, on the frontier, and looked just as near like an Indian chief as possible. This was all done for effect among the Indians, for an Indian believes that a man who is fighting him and who cuts his hair short is a coward, because an Indian also believes that no man, red or white, can get into the Happy Hunting Ground if he loses his scalp, and an Indian will take more desperate chances in rescuing the dead body of

his friends from being captured than he would to rescue his entire family alive, as he knows that if they are taken alive the whites will not kill or mutilate them, while if they are taken dead the white man who first comes to the Indian that is killed will take his scalp as a trophy of war. The reason, perhaps, more than any other is because, if he did not take it, some lounge in the rear would come up and take it, and claim that he had killed the Indian. Hence, the long hair is a taunt to the Indians, and gives them to understand that the wearer is not afraid of them, and that if they do get his scalp they will get one that they can easily tie in their belts. I might also add that men who wear long hair in the Western country never become bald-headed, and I have no doubt that if many of the bald-headed men that I see in the front seats when a big ballet is going on at the theatre had known this they would have worn their hair long, for there is no doubt that clipping the hair close to the head in summer causes the roots to rot in the scalp, simply because there is no hair to draw the oil out, and hence, in many instances, bald-headedness."

"And how have you been able to earn the title of the Poet Scout?"

"I began to write verses," replied Captain Jack, with a smile, "long before I could write my own name. When I enlisted, as a boy of sixteen, I was only able to put my mark to the paper. My first set of verses, 'The Forty-Eighth' (my regiment), was taken down by a Zouave who happened to be lying wounded next me in the military hospital, and this song was printed and sung before I knew how to read or write."

"I believe, Captain, that you have made it one of the objects of your life to put people right in their ideas of the Wild West?"

"Yes; I am prouder of what I have been able to do in that line than of anything else I have ever done. I do not mind saying deliberately that the pernicious form of literature called the 'dime novel' is exercising a most terrible effect on the youth of America."

"The 'dime novel' is probably Yankee for 'penny dreadful'?"

"Maybe it is. In these stories lads read thrilling accounts of adventures, of dashing heroes of the plains and mountains, and the charm of the lawless Wild West life. I consider the great achievement of my life has been that of warning thousands of young people of the absurdity and utter untruth of all this. I wish you could see some of the honest, frank letters sent me by lads whose idols have been shattered by the spears of truth which I have hurled at them."

"And yet, I suppose you believe in judicious emigration?"

"Why, certainly. There is a fortune awaiting any sober, honest, intelligent, and persevering young man who makes up his mind to 'go West.' But of late years a number of Englishmen have started

ranching whose ideas of roughing it consist in keeping fine horses and dogs, and who loaf in the town and spend their time hunting. The men who want to succeed must work with their cowboys."

"I suppose there is little use in young men going out without a little capital?"

"That depends," said the Captain, thoughtfully. "A thousand pounds will provide a settler with an elegant start, but if he has little or nothing his course is clear. He had better engage as cowboy with a salary of twenty dollars a month and his board, then thoroughly learn the business, and in a few years he will have saved enough to buy a small ranch and some cattle. However, whoever goes out West had better sign the pledge, for no man can succeed if he takes too much whisky on the Western frontier."

"I suppose you have seen a great deal of ranch life?"

"Yes; I myself own a large ranch, and my son is the champion roper and rider cowboy of the world. I must tell you that in the West we have once a year cowboy tournaments, and he who lassoes, throws, and binds a wild steer in the quickest time becomes the champion. Now, my boy," concluded the Captain, his eyes glistening with pride, "went through the whole performance in 31½ seconds, breaking his own 37 seconds record of the previous year."

"And how about your claim to the Wallace Estate?"

"Well, I don't want to say much about that, but I have good hopes of success, and I have undertaken this trip to Great Britain upon the advice of New York lawyers who think I shall be able to prove my case."

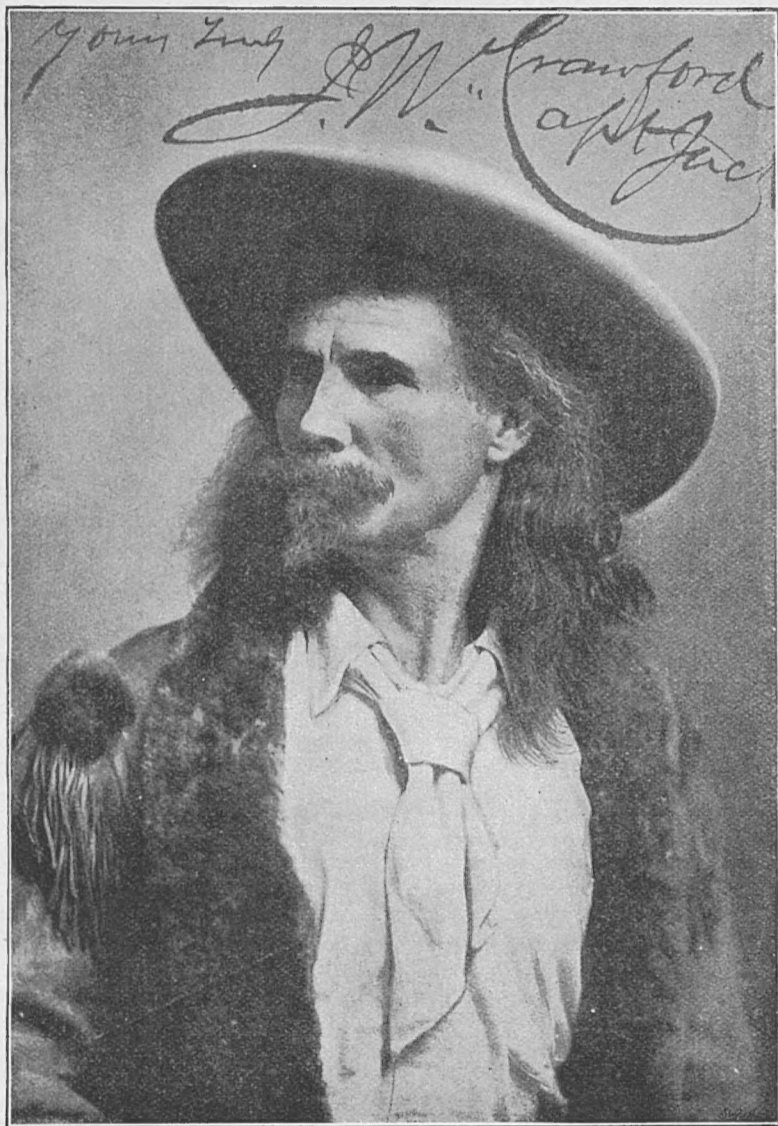


Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street.

THE MISSES SPENCER-BRUNTON.

There are few, if any, more charming seaside resorts than Eastbourne, where one is sure of meeting a host of friends, especially in the beautiful grounds of Devonshire Park, for the same families come down year after year, and none have been more faithful in their love of Eastbourne than the Misses Spencer-Brunton, who for the last fifteen summers—indeed, ever since they were quite children—have exchanged the gaieties of town for the healthful amusements of the fast-growing Sussex town, being particularly expert swimmers and perfectly at home in the saddle; indeed, so well known were the five pretty sisters in the Row that they acquired the name of the “Green Guards,” from the colour of their riding habits, and from their generally advancing in line at a gallop. And the

last two on a second tour. Her first London appearance was as Violet Bond Hinton at a *matinée* of “The Blackmailers” at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and that her talent was very patent may be assumed from the fact that Mr. George Alexander at once added her to his company at the St. James's, giving her various understudies. He takes her shortly on tour, but she will return to the theatre in King Street on the opening of the autumn season there.

Miss Enid's experience is less extended as to time, but she seems to have “improved the shining hour,” for she blossomed at once into the part of Lady Stutfield in “A Woman of No Importance” on tour in one of Mr. Tree's companies, under the management of Messrs. Lewis Waller and H. H. Morell. Then she won golden opinions as Lady Duncombe in “Jim the Penman,” when the Green Room Club gave the piece at Brighton. Afterwards, under Messrs. J. G. Grahame and F. W. Crellin,

Beryl.

Muriel.

Enid.



Dorothy.

Olive.

FIVE SISTERS: THE MISSES SPENCER-BRUNTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK DICKINS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

ladies' papers were constantly recording the charming looks and the pretty gown of each *débutante* as she made her curtsy to her Sovereign, while paragraphs had been constantly appearing during their school days of their success in acting French plays in aid of charities, their participation, especially in playing “Un Quartier Tranquil,” for institutions in which Lady Jeune was deeply interested, winning the highest commendation. The love of music, being an inherited taste, prompted their formation of an amateur orchestra, in which Miss Muriel (a pupil of Mr. E. E. Halfpenny) and two of her sisters played the violin, Miss Enid (who had been instructed by Mr. W. H. Thomas, Signor Fiori, and Herr Boutberg) and another Miss Spencer-Brunton handling the zither, a brother, now in Ceylon, undertaking the 'cello, while their mother presided at the piano. But this agreeable little musical society, when Miss Muriel went on the stage, two years ago, began to languish, and completely fell to pieces when her example was followed by Miss Enid last autumn.

That Miss Muriel commenced her dramatic career with the part of Lucy in “A Pair of Spectacles” on tour, when she gained many laudatory notices, evidences her natural histrionic talent. Other characters which she personated with equal success were Mrs. Midhurst in “The Solicitor,” Lady Muriel in “A Pantomime Rehearsal,” and Mrs. Hemesley in “A Commission,” and she was re-engaged to play the

Miss Enid Spencer-Brunton toured as Mrs. Hempe in “Mrs. Othello,” and was deputed later on to assume the part of Carrie Gyle, and this autumn she has been engaged by her former managers, Messrs. Lewis Waller and H. H. Morell.

A RONDEL TO A FAIR LADY.

Fair Lady, you were clad in white
When first your gentle eyes I met,
And never shall my heart forget
The vision of that August night.

With the pale moon's transcendent light,
You shone, in your clear heaven set;
Fair Lady, you were clad in white
When first your gentle eyes I met.

Bend, Moon of Women, from your height,
Soothe with your smile earth's care and fret,
Let us be happy in your debt,
Since you Love's varied charms unite;
Your soul and you were clad in white
When first your gentle eyes I met.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen is now enjoying much better health, the air of her favourite Deeside residence having, as usual, proved a wonderful restorative, and the rheumatism from which she has suffered so much of late has also been benefited by the bracing Highland air. Life at Balmoral has followed the usual routine: business all the morning—the daily messenger for London leaves the Castle at half-past one—and then a short drive in the private grounds, followed by a longer excursion in the afternoon. Taking advantage of some fine weather, the Queen one afternoon drove by the Lion's Face to Braemar, and on another occasion went to New Mar Lodge. She has also visited the shiel in Ballochbuie Forest, and has also been near to the Home Farm, at Abergeldie Mains, to inspect the famous herd of "black doddies."

So far, the Court *entourage* have had a very dull time of it at Balmoral, and the arrival of the Prince of Wales was heralded with great satisfaction, for even Balmoral becomes fairly cheerful when he is there, ever ready to protest that he will "not be bored to death." People are prone to imagine that a "place at Court" is a wonderfully fine thing to get; but if they had a chance of trying it for a while they would, in most instances, quickly conclude that it was not such a bed of roses as they had supposed. The jealousies and squabbings of a Court can only be appreciated by actual trial; while the fact that you may never, while in attendance, have a cold, cough, or sore throat, although, perhaps, in itself an insignificant trifle, becomes exceedingly irksome when Nature insists that you shall catch one of the prohibited ailments. Considering the many disadvantages, it is a wonderful thing that these appointments should be so desperately canvassed.

Strict orders have recently been given that the pews in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, are to be absolutely reserved for those who are entitled to use them. There has been another protest about certain irregularities in the use of the gallery, which is reserved exclusively for the wives of peers and their unmarried daughters. Two years ago there was a great fuss when the second wife of a well-known nobleman attended Divine service there, accompanied by her daughter by a former marriage with a commoner. The other peeresses were exceedingly wroth at this; and the Lord Chamberlain's office was inundated with complaints from irate dames of high degree. The result was that the Lord Chamberlain sent an official intimation to the noble lord in question that, although his wife was entitled to a place in the peeresses' pew in the Chapel Royal, his stepdaughter had no claim to be there, and if she came again would be refused admittance. During the past season there was another "storm in a tea-cup," which came to the ears of the Queen herself, with the result that very stringent orders were at once issued that no infringement of the regulations would be permitted for the future upon any pretence whatever.

The Prince of Wales, on leaving Homburg for the season, returned direct to England, instead of joining the Princess at Copenhagen, as originally arranged. He will spend the most of his time in the north, at New Mar Lodge, with the Duke and Duchess of Fife. Deer-stalking has commenced in Mar Forest, and Sir Horace Farquhar had excellent sport one day in the Glen Derry section, but all the best of the ground is being kept in reserve for the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness will remain on Deeside until about the middle of next month, when he goes to Sandringham with the Princess, where they intend to reside for a considerable time.

Princess Henry of Prussia, who is at present staying with the Queen at Balmoral, is to pay a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham and to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bagshot House before returning to Germany.

Wonderful are the ways of the *menu* writer! In the luncheon given at the Liverpool Townhall to the Duke of York was included this item: "Sweetbreads à la Financière." Presumably, the compiler of the list of



THE CZAR AT A PEASANTS' FEAST.

viands thought that such toothsome things as sweetbreads were fit only for merchant shipowners, cotton kings, and other financial magnates.

The Czar is gaining health at the Palace at Belovishta, where he is residing with the Czarina, the Czarevitch, the Grand Dukes George and Michael Alexandrovitch, the Grand Duchess Olga Alexandrovna, the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, and Prince Nicholas of Greece. His illness has pulled him down, and he has felt the need of change.

The Palace is the only spot in the whole of his vast empire where (as the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Standard* tells us) the autocrat really enjoys life. The Palace itself is rather a large shooting-box than an imperial dwelling, albeit that for several months in every year it accommodates its royal master and mistress. It is an unpretentious building, containing 120 rooms, of no particular style of architecture—an oblong block with a tower at each end, the one bearing the imperial escutcheon and standard, the other surmounted by the Golden Eagle. It is built of red and yellow brick, almost without decoration, and owes any beauty its possesses to its site, buried in the midst of the ancient forest. Under the windows lie two large ponds formed by the river Narevka (which is dammed up for the purpose by a Poiré sluice), dotted over with islands and swarming with wild-fowl; behind stretches a piece of cleared park. The Forest of Belovishta Pushta contains a herd of the now almost extinct aurochs, besides quantities of other game, and the principal amusement of the Czar and his family consists in frequent shooting parties, to which few, if any, outsiders are ever admitted, terminating with *al-fresco* luncheons, where all the cares of State are temporarily thrown off, together with the uniforms, and where Alexander III. and the Grand Dukes might almost be mistaken for ordinary mortals—a metamorphosis which they make no secret of appreciating at its just value. The Czar takes a lively interest in the pleasures of the peasant. Such scenes as are illustrated in the accompanying photographs show a side of the Czar we are not familiar with,



THE CZAR WITH THE VILLAGE SCHOOL CHILDREN,

A correspondent who was a school-fellow of "Pat" Malone at the Edinburgh High School supplies some supplementary details of the young manager's feats in the world of sport. Mr. Malone, who has gone to America with the "Gaiety Girl," was, he tells me, one of the finest forwards the Edinburgh Royal High School Former Pupils' Rugby Football Club ever had, and during the time he played for Edinburgh 'Varsity he was considered the best man in the team. Though he played in the inter-city contests (Edinburgh v. Glasgow), and also in the East v. West of Scotland matches, Malone did not, somehow or other, get his International cap. Still, he deserved it; and this opinion is held by Jim Veitch, the most wonderful full-back Scotland ever had, and by Bob Ainslie, of Institution fame, another International celebrity.

Veitch, who, like Malone, is also an old E.R.H.S. boy, was captain of the school fifteen during Malone's best days, and he well remembers the match against the crack club, Edinburgh Wanderers, when "Pat" ran nearly the length of the field, and put the ball right between the posts, thus, not only saving the match for his *Alma Mater*, but winning it. Another noteworthy instance of his excelling power on the field was when at Partick against the West of Scotland he got over the line, notwithstanding the fact that he had close on half-a-dozen of his opponents on his back. Boswell's rush in the English match last March has been likened unto this—"one of the feats of Pat Malone"—who may safely be called the Gurdon of his old school, a title given him by Veitch. As a cricketer, Malone also stood forth prominently. He was a hard hitter and a reliable field. At his school's sports he excelled in throwing the cricket ball, and he also had honours in the mile.

The "Cockney journalist," as my good friends across the Border insist on calling anything that comes out of England, always chaffs the Scot at his peril; but when I got the following epistle from a Glasgow correspondent I could not help echoing the famous phrase of the immortal Pope, "'Sdeath, I'll print it and shame the fools!" "While travelling through Fife, the other day," he writes, "I was witness to a little incident provoked by your oddly-contrasting Scotch sanctimony and Scotch carefulness of the world's gear which may amuse you. An elderly couple in the compartment took up a copy of *The Sketch*, left by some traveller, and, looking over it together, the lady's prudery found voice in an emphatic request to 'Pit it doon!' to which her husband replied, while carefully rolling it up, 'Na, na, woman; I got it for naething.'" As Cayley Drummie would say, "Even a beetle is sent to us for benevolent purposes."

A "non-Congress man" sends me some of his impressions of Grindelwald. We approached Grindelwald (he writes) by way of the Little Scheidegg, a pass whence cog-wheeled railways run down on each side to Lauterbrunnen and the said Village of Conference respectively. Hither many "pious picnickers" had come from their meetings and lectures to dabble on the edge of the glacier at the foot of Eiger and Jungfrau, and to admire those grand snow-mountains. Great Stead! Evangelicals and Nonconformists in rapt adoration of the Jungfrau! In their eagerness, to get into the train these confessional Christians shoved in such an unchristian-like manner that they could only be prevented from going under the engine-wheels by a driver's happy thought of turning a water-tap on them. On arriving, it was found that Grindelwald was very full: nobody showed the usual unseemly desire to annex us and our baggage, with the exception of one porter, with twinkling blue eyes and a pretty patter of English. He haled us off up a steep hill to a new hotel—unfinished. In spite of the absence of the front door and other conventional fixings, the place was very comfortable. Time did not allow us—and a good many others—to attend at any lectures, but the ubiquitous white ties, mutton-chop whiskers, and wideawakes did us a world of good. The Church of England services on Sunday were sandwiched in at the Parochial Church between Swiss Protestant services and other functions. They were very thinly attended, being at inconvenient hours for mountaineering. Dr. Lunn was luckier or more cunning in selecting the times for his "reunions." The natives were obviously cheerful at the harvest they were reaping, and good-humouredly endured a considerable wait in their picturesque Sunday garb under a broiling sun, while the church where they were due was occupied by their visitors. They formed a marked contrast to the countenances "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" in the proper proportions for the most approved mixture of piety and pedestrianism. It is asserted that one divine ascended the Wetterhorn in top-hat, black frock coat, and elastic-sided boots. I myself saw him and several others so attired clambering up minor mountains. On the whole, the laudable desire to have a stir at the grand annual mixing of the Churches affords a good excuse for, and does not unduly interfere with, a visit to a beautiful valley surrounded by fine glaciers and noble mountains. The village runs some danger, however, of being overdone with the "unco' guid" things of this world.

The post of *concierge* at the Brussels Hôtel de Ville has lately fallen vacant, and, as its annual emoluments come up to the good round figure of 25,000 francs, the Common Council of the Belgian capital deemed it expedient to offer the appointment for open competition. A crowd of candidates at once sent in their names, and among the heterogeneous throng were to be found thirty-three lawyers, seventeen doctors, twenty-one engineers, three chemists, and, *mirabile dictu!* one astronomer. What on earth is the last-mentioned doing in this galley?

I am glad the Moore and Burgess Minstrels are once more attracting crowded audiences to St. James's Hall, for there is still ample room for this class of entertainment. On the evening when I was present the gallery was packed with the usual good-tempered throng, while down below there was hardly a seat vacant. Mr. Farini is managing affairs, and the programme provides a great deal of amusement and interest. The minstrels have some capital new songs, and just a few new jokes; the latter are not equal to the former, and the orchestra, under Mr. Chaudoir, excels both. Mr. W. Mathews makes everyone roar with his song, "Willie, leave off laughing"; Mr. Birchmore is good in "The Dandy Colour'd Hop," and Master Skipp sings "Nellie Gray" with careful enunciation. I do not admire Mr. Benedetto's "bright and sparkling impersonation" (*vide* programme); it is neither funny nor in good taste for a man to imitate Mdle. Vanoni, the Parisian music-hall "star." A clever trio gave a comic sketch entitled "Custodians of the Peace;" Mr. Mathews lectured amid loud laughter, and then the musical *tableaux vivants* took place. Mr. Alf Wood played a banjo solo remarkably well, and another sketch concluded the entertainment. May I suggest that the audience would probably relish a violin or harp solo, and that the soloists would create a better effect by standing?

"I think," said Colonel Newcome, in his fine way, "every man would like to come of an ancient and honourable race," and I say "Amen!" This isn't the assent of the snob. There is nothing grotesque in its appearing in the pages of an up-to-date weekly. The only grotesque aspect of it is given by those people who repudiate a pedigree in theory to hug one in practice. And it is noticeable that the people who do the first enthusiastically do the second with still greater enthusiasm. The Yankee is the typical specimen of this class. We all know how he scoffs at the claims of long descent, and we all know how he loves to "nobbly" a nobleman. But I don't think it is so generally known how strong the American is on genealogy. A capital example is to hand in the shape of a new monthly, hailing from Philadelphia, entitled the *American Historical Register*, which is described as the organ of the "Patriotic Hereditary Societies of the United States of America."

Rarely has the principle of hereditary membership been pushed to a greater extent than in these societies, whose name is legion. There are, for example, the Colonial Dames of the State of New York, the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution in Pennsylvania, the Society of the United States Daughters of 1776-1812 in Louisiana, the Daughters of the Revolution in New Jersey, the Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut, the Naval Order of the United States, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Medal of Honour Legion, the Society of Sons of the Revolution, and scores of others. Now, I'm not sneering at these societies in the slightest, but it does seem quaint, to say the least of it, that the American should scoff at the titled families of poor old "Eur-ope." Some of them, of course, don't do so, for a writer in the aforesaid magazine boasts that "the noblest and proudest families of Europe are represented in this little State" of New Jersey. It is all a question of what constitutes a hereditary right—whether it is to be distinction, say, in the marauding wars of the Middle Ages, or in the struggles for liberty of the great American nation. Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromartie, you remember, traced the pedigree of the Sutherland family right up to Adam. And to-day science has given heredity a position of importance quite beyond mere sentiment. The result of my perusal of the pages of the *American Historical Register* was the following reflections, cast in the form of the ballade, not because it has a certain vogue at the present moment, but because its lineage in the history of metres is old and crusty, as a rhyme on pedigree ought to be; and if the structure of my jingle departs from the rigid rules of the ballade, that is, on the whole, appropriate, because in most pedigrees divergences are often made from the strict truth—

Folk burrow in the page of Burke
To trace their claims to long descent,
Or rummage some heraldic work
To find a founder, Bart. or gent.
Though lacking manor, land, and rent,
They long to have a family tree,
And, if they haven't one, invent
The pleasures of a pedigree.

The joy of hailing from the murk
Of bygone times is evident;
It's true that doubtful points may lurk,
But that is quite inconsequent:
For fact with fiction may be blent
To fill the gaps of history,
That one may have (to some extent)
The pleasures of a pedigree.

It's said that people will not shirk
To fabricate a document
Which shows (we'll say) that 'gainst the Turk
Their fathers' lands and lives were spent;
Or that they left the Continent
When William crossed from Normandy—
Who didn't cross when William went?
But one must have a pedigree.

ENVOY.

I think it strange that folk resent
A father in the chimpanzee,
For did they claim from him descent
They'd have the longer pedigree.



"LA CIGALE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

The combined exciting causes of politics and strong tea are playing havoc with the Hibernian nervous system, and from recent inquiries into the enormous increase of lunacy in that distressful country it would appear that Bohemia, not to add Healyism, has had something to answer for in the matter of mental aberration. Tea, as understood by a hygienic infusion of four minutes, would not by any means come up to the required potency of an Irish brew. Bridget likes her "tay" as black as the mediæval Satan, and to produce the desired tone and taste sets the pot in the cinders to "draw" the nerve-poisonous tannin for hours. A little alcohol somehow spills itself into the cup when get-at-able, and "on top" of this nectar a bumper of grievances, which, as a daily regimen, the lunacy inspectors naturally agree to be disquieting. "But that's another story."

There is a humorous aspect to the most apparently dry-as-dust subjects if one only has a constitution with a ticklesome side. And it really seems as if London had lately gone crazy on the subject of washing and wash-houses. First in one district and then another are the heretofore unwashed B.P. provided with the wherewithal of cleaning themselves, until there really ought not to be one dingy face among our full five millions. I had recently the joy of attending a meeting in Marylebone in which a reconstruction of the people's pump was urged on one side and the "Noes" of the argument plaintively advanced by long-suffering ratepayers. "To wash or not to wash?" was the question, and the most ordinary yokel might have laughed at the tone in which this water-colour subject was treated.

Bicycle parties by lantern light are the latest fashionable fad of inventive New York society, and a special function given for Lady Lister Kaye's benefit and admiration came off with great *éclat* at classic Newport the other day. Mr. Van Alen was the spirited organiser, and a charming group the riders made as they assembled on the lawn at Wakehurst before starting. The trees and balconies round the house were hung with twinkling lanterns, while the bicycles carried red and green yacht lights. Arrived at their destination, the Golf Club, the revellers were then all ferried to Gooseberry Island, where a dance and supper brought up the rear of that evening's excitement. Numbers of carriages accompanied the cyclists, and wonderful costumes were evolved from mysterious boxes, which had followed the fair wheel-women's tracks. The notion seems to me a charming one. Why cannot we have lantern parties and other unconventional delights of the sort, here, too?

Within a few miles of those two ancient west-country towns, Kingsbridge and Modbury, in the mildest nook of the soft-atmosphered Devonian coast, lies the charming home of the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, Mr. J. A. Froude, who now, to the sorrow of his many friends and admirers, is hovering between life and death. The historian's home overlooks the sea at the mouth of the river Salcombe, a spot beloved by the yachtsman and the fisherman, and here, hard-by, lies the little craft in which Mr. Froude has spent many a pleasant hour, for he has always been an enthusiastic lover of "old ocean." Hardly in luxuriant Devon is there such a place for semi-tropical vegetation, and here in genial years the gardens are almost Italian in their luscious colouring, for the climate tempts oranges and lemons to bloom in the open air; while myrtles, aloes, and American corn flourish freely, and the great fuchsias and huge scarlet geraniums give masses of the brightest colour to an almost perfect picture in the gardens of the house.

The Bank forgery cases which are now claiming the attention of Scotland Yard and exciting considerable interest in banking circles clearly demonstrate the development in the art of fraud which has taken place in recent years. The system employed appears to be a wonderfully complete one, the very paper on which the forged letters by which the swindlers obtained cheque-books being, I understand, an imitation. The cutting out of portions of genuine drafts, and the insertion of others with fictitious amounts in their place, is comparatively a new departure, and the piecing is so delicately performed that it cannot be detected with the naked eye. The chemicals, however, that have been employed to remove ink, leaving not "a wrack behind," were well known to the swindling fraternity years ago. I remember giving evidence in a case against an American calling himself Fortescue a good many years since, who employed chemicals of this description with marvellous effect. He swindled a Birmingham bank out of some thousands, and then turned his attention to the Bank of England. Having purchased a small cheque on the Burlington Gardens Branch from some well-known Paris money-changers who kept an account in London, he proceeded to remove every trace of writing with the exception of the date and the signature, and altered the amount from a few pounds to a good many hundreds. With his neatly-manipulated cheque he opened an account at a suburban bank, expecting to make off with the proceeds as soon as the cheque had been cleared. Here he reckoned without his host, or, rather, without the drawers of the cheque, who were in the habit of advising the bank of the particulars of each cheque they drew. Thus the fraud was discovered, the man arrested, and, in spite of an able defence (I think Sir Edward Clarke was his counsel), was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. There was not the slightest evidence that the cheque had been tampered with, and I remember the judge remarked on the dangerous nature of the chemicals used, which had been found by the police in a portmanteau seized at a railway station. These chemicals were submitted to the Bank authorities, who devised certain means with regard to the printing of their cheques as a safeguard for the future.

Some years ago, while apparently labouring under the impression that the English summer could not always be a delusion and a sham, the Crystal Palace Company gave a series of open-air ballets, the most delightful entertainments it has ever been my good luck to witness. The stage had a background of lovely trees, and over against the opposite ivy-covered walls thousands of little fairy-lamps made the place seem like fairyland. And there on a stage to which the moon, stars, and electricity combined to furnish the light those charming *al-fresco* entertainments would make the warm summer evenings pass only too quickly. After a season or so, the summer asserted her English rights, and the rain rotted the boards and dripped dolefully from the high trees, while the ballets, taken into the Palace itself, lost all their charm. Perhaps the best of them all was the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music. How often I saw it, I cannot say; but a feeling of regret for the many evenings on which I failed to see it, through being elsewhere, still hangs over me. The nature of the piece, so well adapted for open-air performance, the music so sweetly melodious, the fairies, who then, as now, moved me to deep and abiding admiration—all these reminiscences linger in one of memory's numerous storehouses, from which a stray incident the other evening dislodged them. The reason of this dislodgment was a very simple one, and, as it will possibly enable me to encourage a young and clever little dancer, it shall not be withheld.

I was in the Empire. As a matter of fact, that is by no means an unusual occurrence. I had been to another theatre, which shall be nameless, but was bored to death, and had even gone so far as to doze behind the curtain of my box. As the alleged comic opera, in imitation of that hackneyed wounded snake, "dragged its slow length along," I became more and more bored, and at last I ran away. Going in by the new entrance in Leicester Street, I surprised the management, rebuked it for attending to other business instead of looking on with all the eyes and opera-glasses available at the show, and then went to see the girl I left behind me. Truth to tell, I had only left her behind me for some forty-eight hours, but she was as pleasing as ever. I immediately noticed that Miss Paston was away, and that her part was being taken by a clever understudy. The part, which is that of the hero, requires a deal of acting, and the girl who took it was doing her work intelligently, and not slavishly copying her predecessor. Edith Slack's name seemed somewhat familiar, and I asked Madame Lanner if she had not been at the Crystal Palace in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Sure enough, she was a wood-fairy, one of Puck's attendants in that ballet, and, as she is only fifteen at present, must have been very young in the days when I was first charmed with her. She will undoubtedly make her mark in the world of pantomime, and I am delighted to call attention to her undoubted merits.

Much sympathy in his recent bereavement will be felt by artists and playgoers alike with Mr. Fred Latham, who was for so long a time Sir Augustus Harris's able lieutenant at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and who is now acting in a like capacity to the brothers Gatti of the Adelphi. Mrs. Latham, who will be remembered as a very clever and charming amateur actress, experienced, I understand, a fright at the theatre a few nights ago, and, being in a delicate state of health, succumbed to the shock in a few hours. The announcement of her untimely death will be received with sorrow by many friends.

A discussion has been going on as to the popularity of Shakspeare. It is strange indeed that he should be so little played in this country. If one wants to see him thoroughly and constantly played, one has to go abroad. *A propos* this subject and the article in the current number



POETRY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—HYNAIS.
Lunette above the proscenium of the Burg Theatre, Vienna.

on the Burg Theatre, the accompanying illustration is interesting, and distinctly flattering to our national vanity, for in the centre of the group will be seen the Immortal One of Avon.

Here is a pretty experiment for ladies who like a bouquet in their wine as well as fragrance in their five o'clock Pekoe. If one should find oneself at table within hail of a bunch of violets, place three or four in a glass of unpretentious Médoc or St. Julien, for example, and let them infuse for three or four minutes—not longer. On removing them, the wine will be found to have absorbed the delicate odour of the violets to the point almost of recalling the finest Florentine Chianti.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

SIDELIGHTS.

BY FRANK THATCHER.

*Rien n'est si dangereux qu'un indiscret ami ;
Mieux vaudrait un sage ennemi.*—LA FONTAINE.

It is not often given to a man to lose his best friends, to have all his most cherished convictions shattered and his faith in all that one holds good cast to the winds, and all in one short hour.

But all this happened to John Ringwood.

Happily for him, he was a man of slow convictions and mild, unimpulsive temperament, or trouble might have followed.

Twenty years before, he had joined the medical profession, and had come out to India fresh and pink, in the glories of the brilliant uniform of the Army Medical Staff.

Since that time he had worked steadily and hard at his vocation, till at last, in view of his past services and in recognition of his skill as a practitioner, the Government were pleased to transfer him to a snug berth—carrying with it fat emoluments and little work—as civil surgeon of a hill station.

Five years ago, he returned from home, where he had been enjoying in a quiet, methodical way a year's well-earned furlough. He brought

serious thought. His gaze wandered vaguely over the distant slopes, across the intervening space, anxious and dejected. The sharp click of the small garden gate being opened suddenly struck his ear, and as he turned he saw his wife enter.

She looked very fresh and pretty standing there for a few seconds, swinging a tennis racket in her hand, while she closed the wicket behind her. Directly she caught sight of him she advanced hurriedly across the garden, breathing quickly, with an expression of alarm in her large blue eyes.

"I've only just heard of it, and I left immediately," she cried excitedly, as she sat down beside him. "Tell me all about it, dear. Is he badly hurt—seriously, I mean—oh! how did it happen?"

"He would ride that vicious brute that he brought up with him," he replied querulously. "I've warned him over and over again. I told him it was not safe for the hills, but he laughed at me. Now you see what has happened."

"But you haven't told me!" she cried impatiently.

"Oh, he went out for a ride as usual, and the brute—thank God, it was killed—shied across the road, and smashed into the rail at the side, and went over the *khud*—at least, that is what they told me when they brought him in here. He's still quite insensible," he continued, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at the house behind, "and I'm afraid he



As he turned he saw his wife enter.

back with him an appendage in the shape of a nice young wife. She was considerably his junior, but in every respect charming, and all that a well-conducted and exemplary young lady should be.

His choice was most creditable, both to his head and heart, and he had never had cause to regret it.

His early passion, full of erotic ardour and unsatisfied desire, had during these five years settled down into the strong, loyal, and enduring love of a true man for a good wife.

A naturally reserved and somewhat cold disposition had from his early youth precluded him from forming indiscriminate friendships with either sex, and, though he had many acquaintances and was generally liked, he had only one real friend.

He first met Claude Winter in his early Indian days, and they became great chums. Since then they had always stuck to one another in their various troubles and difficulties. As years rolled by, the bond of sympathy and friendship between them had become more and more firmly welded.

The fact of his marriage seemed, if possible, to strengthen the tie between the two men, for Mrs. Ringwood took a great liking to Captain Winter, which, as they became more intimate, ripened into friendship, and her husband would, in a ponderous fashion, mildly ridicule her on it.

Their house occupied a tiny plateau that stood out on the hillside, with a little garden in front which overlooked the broad valley below.

On a rustic seat, which stood by the side of the gravelled pathway which ran along the extreme edge of the precipitous hillside, sat Dr. Ringwood, with his plain, good-humoured face troubled, in deep and

will have to undergo an operation soon, if he does not improve. It is very serious indeed—and after all these years," he muttered to himself.

The colour slowly died out of her face as she listened.

"Poor, poor Claude!" she whispered softly to herself. "There is some hope, dear, is there not?"

"He may get over it; 'while there is life there is hope,'" he quoted, with a forced cheerfulness that was painfully apparent. "Never mind, little woman," he continued, tenderly taking her hand and stroking it; "it is like your sweet, gentle nature to care for my poor old friend like this—and he is an old friend of yours, too, is he not, poor fellow?"

The colour momentarily flushed into her face and then faded away.

"May I go in and see him? I will be very careful not to disturb him."

"Better not as he is; it would only shock you."

"But you will let me see him if he regains consciousness, won't you?" she pleaded softly. "I—I—liked him, you know."

"I know you did, Amber, dear," he replied gently.

It was his pet name for her, from her bright golden hair.

"It would do no good. Pray for him, my pet. I'm sure that your gentle prayers would be heard in Heaven, and I am afraid that he will need them."

She shivered slightly and withdrew her hand. It was getting chilly.

"Then you think he will die?"

There was a catch in the throat and a half-stifled sob.

"I don't know. It will be a dangerous operation, if it comes to that."

"I will go inside and take off my things. He was so fond of you."

She sighed wearily as she rose to go into the house.

"Very well, little one. I'll come presently. I want to stay here and think."

He sat there motionless for some time and watched the nocturnal shadows fall, wrapping the faint, jagged peaks of the distant hills in a dark shroud, and gradually hiding them from sight. Thick, heavy clouds stealthily crept up all round and spread in an opaque mass across the rain-swept sky. The wind got up in fitful gusts, rushing through the stately firs, making them see-saw in the dim light. A few drops of rain fell, and the doctor rose and entered the house.

The solitary lamp, turned down quite low, dimly outlined the narrow camp cot standing in the corner farthest away from the door.

On the bed, quite motionless, lay the figure of a man. His head was swathed round with bandages down as far as the eyes, and below a heavy black moustache stood out stiff and bristling on the white, colourless face, which looked as if dead.

On a small table by the bedside a polished mahogany box lay open, and in the velvet fittings lay many curiously-shaped steel instruments glinting in the shaded light, while a few, which looked as if they had been recently in use, lay scattered about on the dark table-cover, and among them, shining white, lay a clinical thermometer beside its empty case.

Some few yards away, facing the bed, in a long-armed easy-chair, lay a man smoking a cheroot, with his legs thrown up on the outstretched arms; the bright red behind the white ash glowed and died away as he lay with his opened eyes, steadily watching the immovable figure in front of him, still under the influence of chloroform.

The medical assistants had been dismissed, and these two men were alone, the one on the verge of death, and the other, his oldest friend, silently watching by him.

The operation was finished, and all that skill and science could do had been done. There was nothing left now but the man's innate strength and constitution to grapple with the King of Terrors—and Providence.

Now, chloroform is a cursed drug, in that it frequently drags from men under its influence hidden secrets of a long-forgotten past. It makes men babble of things that death itself would not make them reveal to a living soul, and, again, it causes men to relate as sober facts vain imaginings that flit across a fevered and temporarily-disordered brain—vague dreams, that a man would put away from him almost before he had become cognisant of what they meant.

It is tricky, deceitful, and lying when it takes this shape. All doctors will tell you this.

The wind outside howled through the trees, shook the windows, and strained at the doors as if it were trying to effect an entrance, and the rain came down in torrents. It was an extremely dirty night, as sailors call it.

The man in bed lay with his arms stretched out, and his hands vieing with the colour of the counterpane. Presently his fingers began to move and pick at the cloth.

The other man lay with his eyes half closed, and the cigar dead between his lips.

"Am—ber."

The word came out in low, halting accents.

The man in the chair opened his eyes wide, and the burnt-out cigar fell, unheeded, on his coat.

"Am—ber, my darling, it—is—quite—dark."

The sick man's lips moved rapidly, and the heavy moustache wagged up and down as he muttered to himself.

The doctor sat up in his chair, quite wide awake now, his eyes opened wide in mute astonishment and his ears drinking in every syllable as it fell from the dying man.

There was a lull in the storm, and it seemed Nature itself had hushed the elements to listen to the wretched man's story.

"Am—ber, at—last!—my—little—one. It—is—ail—right—quite dark—no one can see us—yes, my darling—it—is a—pity—a great—pity—but—then—love—no—one—loves—one—another—like—you—and—I. Do you remember—you—and—I—you—and—I—to the world's end?"

And he launched forth in some of his horrible reminiscences, disjointed, but vividly picturesque in all their details—he had a wonderful gift for local colour and minute matters of detail.

Drop by drop, like chlorodyne being trickled into a glass, the horror-stricken doctor drank in the words.

He leant forward in his chair with wide-open eyes and his hands gripping the arms tight, listening, straining every nerve, as the faltering tale was gradually unfolded before his eyes—a tale of shame, dishonour, and double-dyed infamy.

And the voice would sink lower and lower, and the dreary monotone drop into a hoarse murmur.

Then it would rise again, and he would repeat himself and go over the old ground, but the burden of the song was always the same.

It was horrible, hideous, and unnatural.

The tones dwindled down to a faint, inarticulate murmur, and then ceased. And the doctor sat rigid in his chair, transfixed with horror. The minutes flew by rapidly, and the large hand crept round the fat white dial of the clock that stood on the mantelpiece; but he sat still, waiting, hungering for more.

But he waited in vain, for as he sat there a low, gurgling sound came from the bed, a struggle in the throat, that made him start up and come forward.

It was all over, and the early dawn was coming in through the windows. He drew down the blinds and went outside.

As he stood on the gravelled path, the bright rays of the rising sun, coming up from behind the hills, filled the valleys and lighted the hills with its golden radiance, stretching far, far away, till they reached the pure white summits of the highest mountains in the world, tinting the eternal snows with a faint rosy flush, and they shone on his pale, haggard face, with the deep lines scored over it like scars.

All was gone—happiness, faith in all that was good and pure—everything.

And as he stood there was a step on the path, and she was beside him.

He trembled as she placed her hands on his arm, and her eyes filled with tears when she saw his face, for in it she read the worst.

He pointed to the shrouded window and said nothing.

But the ghastly part of the whole business was that it might have been the chloroform, after all.



"BREECHES-PARTS."



MRS. FARREL AS CAPTAIN MACHEATH IN
"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."



MRS. LESSINGHAM AS SYLVIA
IN "THE RECRUITING OFFICER."



MISS VINING AS RATTLIN THE REEFER.

There are two classes of parts in which, on the stage, the sex which now aspires to "Rationals" has been always cheerfully permitted to "wear the breeks." The first of these classes is, of course, the characters in which a heroine disguises herself in male attire, the typical instance being Rosalind; and the second is a class of parts which, though male, has yet been by prescriptive right played by most comedy actresses, who considered that their personal beauty was shown off in becoming fashion by male costume. Of this class, Sir Harry Wildair, in "The Constant Couple," may be taken as a type. Originally played by the famous comedian, Robert Wilks, Sir Harry Wildair made a great reputation both for the play and the actor. So highly did the author, Farquhar, think of Wilks's playing that he said, in the preface to the published play, that when Wilks left the stage Sir Harry might go to the Jubilee. But he was wrong, for, though no man ever made the same success as Wilks in the character, Mrs. Woffington equalled, if not

surpassed, the original Sir Harry, and made the part one which succeeding actresses were eager to try. Mrs. Barry, wife of the silver-tongued Spranger Barry, played the character for her benefit in 1771, and, no doubt, played it admirably, for she was a brilliant comedian. She was said to play tragedy to please the public and comedy to please herself. How she looked in the part our illustration shows very well.

Sylvia, the heroine of another of Farquhar's plays, "The Recruiting Officer," is a character which comes into our first category, for she assumes male costume as a disguise. Mrs. Lessingham, whose portrait we give, was a very bad actress; but she was the *chère amie* of Harris, one of the proprietors of Covent Garden, and was consequently put forward in characters to which her ability by no means entitled her. She was the real cause of a tremendous quarrel between the four proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, of no end of lawsuits, and of a crop of pamphlets. However, she quarrelled with



MRS. LEWIS AS RICHARD III.



MADAME VESTRIS AS LITTLE PICKLE.



MRS. STIRLING IN "ARABELLA BEAUMONT."



MRS. NIBBETT AS THE YOUNG KING.

Harris in a short time, and the managers soon patched up their dispute, but not before they had expended much time, temper, and money on an entirely unworthy cause.

Of quite another character was the next lady whose portrait we give—Miss Maria Macklin, daughter of that sour old veteran, Charles Macklin. She seems to have been partial to characters in which she had to wear male costume, and, strangely enough, her death was caused in some measure by her dressing of these parts. She was in the habit, it appears, of buckling her knee-breeches very tightly, and this caused an inflammation in the leg. She was too prudish, it was stated, to allow a doctor to examine a limb which she had freely exhibited on the stage to thousands of spectators, and the result was the formation of a serious growth, which had ultimately to be removed by a very painful operation. This shattered her health; she had to retire from the stage, and she died at a comparatively early age. The character in which we give her portrait is Camillo, the boy-girl in Vanbrugh's excellent comedy of "The Mistake."

Mrs. Siddons, the greatest of English actresses, was afflicted with prudishness also; but her prudery was, at least, logical, for she declined to exhibit herself on the stage in a more masculine costume than she could help. The occasion was her playing of Rosalind, which she acted



MISS FANNY WYNDHAM AS COUNT PONTIGNY
IN RICCI'S OPERA, "UN' AVVENTUR' DI SCARAMUCCIA."

From a Painting by A. E. Chalon, R.A.

for her benefit in 1785. Desirous of concealing her person, she had a costume specially designed for the "doublet and hose" scenes, but the result was not successful. Miss Seward, who specially mentions the matter, says, with a height of fine language which it would be heartless not to quote accurately, that "the scrupulous prudery of decency produced an ambiguous vestment, that seemed neither male nor female." This "ambiguous vestment" was severely ridiculed in the papers, and quite rightly so. One may be willing to admire the great actress's sense of modesty, but the obvious moral of the matter seems to be that if she did not care to wear the dress required in Rosalind she ought to have left the character alone.

O'Keeffe tell us of another good actress and excellent woman who allowed her sense of propriety to make her outrage theatrical propriety. This was Miss Barsanti, who became the wife of Daly, the somewhat notorious Dublin manager. She had determined, according to O'Keeffe, that she would never wear male costume on the stage, and when she was cast for the character of Signor Arionelli in O'Keeffe's farce of "The Son-in-Law" she dressed herself in the costume which had been worn by Arbaces in the opera of "Artaxerxes." As all the characters in the farce wore the every-day dresses of the 1779 middle classes, the spectacle of



MRS. BARRY AS HARRY WILDAIR IN "THE CONSTANT COUPLE."

the singing-master masquerading about in Turkish trousers, turban, &c.—for so they dressed all Eastern personages on the stage—must have been distinctly awe-inspiring.

There were no such ultra-prudish scruples about the next actress whose portraits we give—Mrs. Jordan. There were physical reasons why she should not have any objection to displaying her personal charms in male costume, for we have it on the authority of Tate Wilkinson, who must have seen many a fair lady, that "she sported the best leg ever



MRS. JORDAN AS HYPOLITA
IN "SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT."



MISS PRUDOM AS ARBACES IN "ARTAXERXES."



MISS SCRACE AS SYLVIA.



MRS. JORDAN AS VIOLA.

seen on the stage." Many of her best characters were "breeches-parts." Thus, her Hypolita, in Cibber's comedy of "She Would and She Would Not," in which we give her portrait, was, perhaps, her most perfect impersonation; while her Viola, of which we give an illustration, and her Rosalind were not much inferior. The third part in which we give a picture of Mrs. Jordan cannot be said to show her in a costume which is calculated to exhibit her to advantage, but it will be remembered that Fidelia, in "The Plain Dealer," disguises herself as a sailor, to follow

a Day." She must have been a woman of some humour, for when her friend Miss Younge married Pope, the actor, Mrs. Martyr congratulated her on her wedding, finishing her letter with these words—

I have no doubt of your happiness, for I will confess that if his *Holiness* had attacked me I should not have had the resolution, as good a Protestant as I am, to die
A. MARTYR.

The newly-wedded Mrs. Pope's reply was smart also, and the equivoque decidedly literary, but rather too strong for our modern tastes. Mrs. Martyr, unfortunately, did not marry a respectable actor, but an



MRS. JORDAN AS FIDELIA IN "THE PLAIN DEALER."



MRS. MARTYR AS AURA IN "THE COUNTRY LASSES."

Manly, whom she loves; and the costume which we illustrate is evidently the eighteenth century idea of how a seventeenth century sailor was apparelled.

Mrs. A. Martyr, whose portrait we give as Aura in Charles Johnson's comedy of "The Country Lasses," won distinction in several masculinely-apparelled characters, especially in that of the Page in "Follies of

army gentleman, who, in the orthodox way, died in debt and in prison.

The character of Matilda in Burgoyne's delightful play of "Richard Cœur de Lion" is that of an interesting young lady who is in love with the "Lion Heart." When Richard is in prison, Matilda disguises herself as a boy and goes to seek her love. She, not Blondel, discovers him, and through her means he is rescued. Mrs. Mountain was, perhaps, a little too

stupendous for the part, of which Mrs. Jordan was the original representative, but she was a charming and clever actress, and played it excellently. Michael Kelly was the Richard when she was the Matilda, but on the original production of the piece in 1786 John Philip Kemble was the hero. Now, Kemble could not sing a note, and the famous romance sung by Richard from his prison was a terrible

other publications of the "Duncombe" school. One of the rarest of theatrical books is one of these nasty little publications. It is entitled "The Daughters of Thespis; or, A Peep Behind the Curtain," published in 1841, in which highly-coloured portraits of these ladies are given.

Of our other illustrations, that of Mrs. Farrel as Captain Macheath is interesting as showing one of the characters in which actresses have



MISS E. DALY AS THE LADIES' HIGHWAYMAN.



MISS FOOTE AS THE LITTLE JOCKEY.



MISS MACKLIN AS CAMILLO IN "THE MISTAKE."

difficulty. None of the singers then in the company could act the character, however well they might sing it, and, for the sake of the theatre, Kemble was obliged to take the part. At rehearsals there were awful struggles to keep his Majesty even decently in time and tune. On one occasion Shaw, the leader of the orchestra, called out, "Mr. Kemble, my dear Mr. Kemble, your are murdering time." Kemble, taking a pinch of snuff, calmly retorted, "My dear Mr. Shaw, it is better for me to murder Time at once than be continually beating him as you do." Ultimately, the delicate and beautiful romance was

longed to achieve distinction. Why it should be so is not very obvious, but it has been said that the sentiments of the gallant highwayman came purified from the mouth of a pretty woman. Mrs. Cargill on one famous occasion played Macheath at the Haymarket when the whole of the



MRS. FARREL AND MR. REINHOLD AS ARTAXERXES AND ARTABANES IN "ARTAXERXES."



MRS. MOUNTAIN AS MATILDA IN "RICHARD CŒUR DE LION."

accompanied by two blaring French horns, which, at least, concealed the worst of Richard's eccentricities by making them inaudible.

The bevy of beauties whom we next illustrate—Madame Vestris, Miss Foote, and Mrs. Nisbett—were famous for their figures as well as for their abilities. Probably no set of actresses was ever written about with such freedom and such richness of innuendo as the ladies of the Vestris period. In addition to the three actresses just mentioned, Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Honey, Miss Chester, and Mrs. Waylett came in for the chief attention of the wretched scribes who murdered reputations and pandered to prurient tastes by their "Amatory Biography" and

characters changed sexes. Charles Bannister, a huge and burly man, with a strong bass voice, played Polly Peachum, and sang all the songs in his natural tones, although he had a very fine falsetto. The famous comedian, Edwin, played Lucy, and was so screamingly funny that it was said that those who had not seen him in Lucy could have no idea how funny he could be.

The pictures of Miss Fanny Wyndham and Miss Vining may be taken as illustrations of how to dress and how not to dress, the grace of the cavalier costume contrasting with the awful inelegance of protuberance and tie-in in the naval uniform.

R. W. L.

NOTES FROM NORWAY.

It is a little late for Norway, but even yet there are crowds of English sampling northern landscape. If it is not unkind to say so, one fjord is as much like another as a certain well-known writer's novels, very impressive, but very similar: the still, deep waters, the mountains rising sheer up into apparently endless height, tumbling waterfalls, fishermen's lonely huts, and the intensely-clean towns. Having seen one, one has seen all. Everything else depends on the indescribable colour effects of Polar night, which transform and magnify to-day almost out of recognition the impressions of yesterday. Fish is what one principally eats, smells, and exists on while on shore in Norway, and the piscatorial perfumes which salute one on all sides and from every house are by no means alluring. Salmon, turbot, cod, and monster flat fish are piled up in the market-places to be disposed of and dried. But of all the varying stinks which the process gives forth, my friends insist that stock fish in the transition stages takes the cake. Like the classic American, they had come to "do" Norway, and do it they would, or die; but it was with profound qualms and doubly-muffled nostrils that they finally emerged from the market-place, and tottering called for "Scotch."

BEARS IN EXCELSIS.

At every turn in the picturesque inland peninsula of Berne the eye is met by the form of the bear in every possible guise and attitude. Now it is with proud ferocity that two bears uphold the cantonal shield on the Corn Market; now, with jocular capers and accoutrements, they rejoice as the ogre devours small children on one of the innumerable fountains which make the town musical with the sound of falling water; again, they are decked with shield, sword, helmet, and banner, wherewith to protect another fountain, while occasionally they fail to take their proper share in the procession which helps to make up the performance with which the approach of every hour is heralded by the quaint old clock in the Zeitglockenthurm. Lastly, to omit many further varieties—small carvings are legion, and more than legion—living representatives of the family Bruin are housed and entertained at the municipal expense. History can scarcely recollect the beginning of this custom. At the present time there is a large sunken enclosure at the eastern end of the town, divided into two compartments. In one live two brown bears on sufficiently amicable terms; in the other are five animals of the blacker kind. To these it is the delight of the



A MODERN PLAY WITH "BREECHES-PARTS"—"THE AMAZONS," AS PERFORMED IN AMERICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BYRON, NEW YORK.

for the wine of his country, like the rugged Scot himself, is nowadays to be found wherever the sun shines, and perchance where he never was seen.

Norwegians were all agog over the recent visit of Kaiser Wilhelm, and a friend who writes from Bergen says that enthusiastic preparations were going on for weeks so that the Hohenzollern might have a right royal reception. The harbour and surrounding heights of Bergen were covered with acclaiming natives as the Emperor's white-hulled yacht hove in sight, Count Philip Eulenberg and the well-known artist, Herr Salzmann, being among his Majesty's guests on board. The royal salutes made immense effect as the mountains re-echoed thundering cannon from Norwegian heights around, while the Emperor's yachts were enveloped in the white smoke of their reply. Being in an adjacent yacht, my friends had the benefit of a royal concert by the Fleet band, which had been sent on board the Hohenzollern; in fact, the entire town and harbour were a wilderness of bunting and bands. It appears the Empress was greatly exercised at hearing a trumpet sounded at frequent intervals from an American liner, which happened to be in the harbour at the time, and a well-known politician, Dr. Bürklin, a passenger, was asked by the Emperor to dine. "What does that noise from your ship mean?" asked the Kaiserin of her guest. "That trumpet sounds not to arms, but to meals, Madame," was the learned Doctor's reply. "Ach! how very often you eat, then!" said her Majesty in much amusement. The Emperor, it appears, does not set so much store by the pleasures of the table as some of his subjects; but then he differs from them in a goodly number of things.

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populace to bring meat-offerings without ceasing; or, to be strictly accurate, if the natives have somewhat worn out the excitement of this pastime, they perch—especially on Sundays, in their best clothes—on the low walls, and, with strenuous solemnity superintend the lavish consignments of food poured by devout visitors into the pit. Only bread and a few fruits and vegetables are allowed, and in these commodities two adjacent stalls do a roaring trade. The bears take themselves more seriously than those in our Zoological Gardens. Are they not, indeed, "upon the rates," and haughty accordingly? Their position is even more favourable than that of the civic swans and other water-fowl at Lucerne—wherefore, no unseemly somersaults are indulged in. When the flow of food seems to require stimulus, the bears will sit upright on the floor and piously cross their fore-paws with a beckoning gesture, ready to catch deftly in their mouths any morsel thrown reasonably near them. They often ignore a bad shot. Harmony is maintained between these democratic deities by the simple expedient of the smaller giving way to the greater, with little hesitation in each case. The greatest—observe the purity of republican principle—has his pick, therefore, of everything and thoroughly enjoys himself. In one event, it must be confessed, this principle appears to be forgotten—when carrots are in question. Then quickness usurps the place of size (it is astonishing how rapid an eager bear can be in his movements), and the coveted carrot falls to the swiftest, amid the growls of the baffled. It is a pity that we in England cannot maintain something after the excellent fashion of this municipal "Bärengarten," but, perhaps, a full-fledged dragon would be rather a responsibility.

J. P.

BÉBÉ.

SCENE: *A lumber-room in a large London house.*TIME: *A winter afternoon.*

MRS. JAMES WALTON; CAPTAIN GRAHAM.

SHE. You said you didn't mind dust and cobwebs, so here they are. Don't you dare to sneeze!

HE. Shouldn't think of sneezing.

SHE. Good boy! It was a brilliant idea of yours to think of that old fancy dress which I wore years ago at the Militia ball.

HE. Before you were married, Bébé.

SHE. Oh, don't call me that foolish old name.

HE. Old! It couldn't sound younger.

SHE. Is that wit?

HE. If you should happen to call it so. Many a man earns his reputation for wit at a woman's pleasure. Thank you all the same, but it's not in my line.

SHE. What a mountain of boxes! Of course, the right thing to do would have been to send my maid up to search, and have had tea and cigarettes in comfort in the drawing-room.

HE. Well, I'm quite willing.

SHE. Oh, no, you're not. That would spoil all the fun. The dress was in the Pompadour style, and will just suit Ada's minuet party. We are all to go masked, you know.

HE. Yes; but will your husband really consent to your coming?

SHE. He only objected to the extravagance of a new fancy dress. I have three already, you know. You have solved that question by remembering my old ball gown, so it will be all right.

HE. As if I could ever forget that ball dress or the ball!

SHE. It was very pleasant.

HE. We danced together.

SHE. Six or seven times. Tell me, Jack, how often since have you said to another woman all you said to me that night?

HE. I have said it many times since, but always to you.

SHE. Oh, no! How can you? I should never have permitted such a thing.

HE. Oh, Bébé! But you did!

SHE (*firmly*). Never! At least, I don't remember doing so, I mean.

HE (*smiling*). I see. Now, when I was in India, Bébé, for those long four years, did you ever remember me and the old days in the country?

SHE. Yes, of course—sometimes; but, you know, Jack, I had an awful lot to do. Everyone asks a bride out to dinner, and then I had a lot of trouble—

HE. Trouble?

SHE. Yes. Don't talk about it—I thought you knew. I'll tell you some day, not now. We are having such a happy time, I don't wish to spoil it.

HE. So you only thought of me—sometimes?

SHE. That's a great deal for a married woman to confess. I even suspect it's wrong.

HE. If you have any doubt on the subject, of course, it's right. Still, I can quite realise that with James and his horses and racing to talk about—

SHE. Oh, don't! I hate racing!

HE. But you like horses.

SHE. When they don't belong to James. His mean the loss of a Paris trip or a Court gown to me. I couldn't go to Trouville last year, because he lost heavily on Venus. We had to go to Biarritz instead.

HE. Poor girl! how sad!

SHE. Yes, wasn't it?

HE. But then James is an awfully amusing companion.

SHE. Yes; when one doesn't sit opposite to him too often at dinner. I make him come and sit next me when we are alone now. Then I am not obliged to look at him.

HE. Dear little Bébé, how naïve you are!

SHE. Jack!

HE. What is it?

SHE. Don't say that again, or you will hurt my feelings, and don't kiss my hand, it's naughty.

HE (*gravely*). Is it?

[*A pause. He looks at her, and she flushes pink, and then makes a dash at a trunk near.*]

SHE. Come and open this thing; I don't want to get my hands dirty.

HE (*pulling open the box*). What a lot of rubbish!

SHE. Rubbish, of course. What did you expect to see in a lumber-room?

HE. Not your curls in my eyes, certainly.

SHE. Oh, Jack! They didn't—

HE. Yes, they did.

SHE. How absurd! Well, as we can't both dive down into one box at a time, you had better open the next. I'll look through this.

HE. I didn't mind your curls.

SHE. You ought to have been honoured if even they had blinded you. James says my fringe is a towzle.

HE. I was honoured. James is an ass.

SHE. Hush!

HE. This is a queer old trunk. Look at that. Why, what on earth is it?

SHE. Oh, those are some things belonging to a woman I knew who went to South Africa, and she left them to me to take care of. Shut that up, Jack; the dress isn't there.

HE. What a mercy! Your friend used a queer, fusty scent.

SHE. Nonsense, that's the scent of age and time.

HE. Then give me one of youth.

SHE. I'm choked with dust, which is much worse. Don't bend too close to that lock, Jack, or you'll rust the tip of your nose, and I sha'n't love you any more.

HE. I never saw such a lot of satin.

SHE (*with a scream*). Oh, you idiot! and you said you remembered the dress. Why, that's it. Bravo! now we've found it. What fun!

HE (*sulky*). Did you expect a man to recognise it like that?

SHE. Like what? It's all right. Help me to pull it out. Wait, you stupid, you're tearing the lace. There, now, Jack, I'll hold it up against me. Look, do you know it now?

HE. Yes; and your face as you looked then. Oh, Bébé, how adorable you were!

SHE (*laughing*). Was I?

HE. You had such eyes, such glorious, long-lashed eyes!

SHE. Had I?

HE. Such a mouth—such lips! You—you haven't changed one bit.

SHE (*with dignity*). I think barefaced compliments are insulting.

HE. I was talking of the past.

SHE. Funny, isn't it? I was very fond of you then, before you went to India and I married.

HE. If I hadn't been poor— Well, it is no use asking you now, but I used sometimes to wonder—

SHE. So used I. I used to wonder how you and I would have got on together if—if—

HE. If it had been my face at the other end of the dinner-table in place of James's.

SHE. Jack, I shall have to scold you.

HE. Not when you are wrapped in that gown. We will act our parting over again instead. I said stiffly, as men do, that I wondered if you would miss me; you said, "Perhaps a little at first; it was always sad when one lost sight of one's friends."

SHE. Yes; and then you said, "I might as well write now and then."

HE. You answered, "Letters were a bore, but if I wanted them very much you might write just once, perhaps."

SHE. And you turned cross and replied, "You would never be a beggar for any woman's favour."

HE. I wasn't cross, and I didn't say that.

SHE. Oh, Jack, you did!

HE. What a beast I must have been!

SHE. You were—a perfect brute! I like you much better now.

HE (*slowly*). Do you? And you said that you were fond of me then?

SHE. Oh, don't, Jack, don't! There is a road we are both tending towards which is wrong, very wrong, and I don't want to go there—now.

HE (*smiling*). I beg your pardon.

SHE (*nervously*). We oughtn't to flirt, you know.

HE. Of course not. I was serious.

SHE. All the worse. I—I don't see the mask for this costume anywhere: I must have dropped it in pulling the things out.

HE. What did you say?

SHE. I said, "I've dropped the mask."

[*During a pause, while she realises what she has said, he dives his hand into the trunk and pulls out a broken rattle. He tosses it towards her, laughing.*]

HE. There's a toy fit for a Bébé like you. Look! I wonder how it came here.

[*She lifts it up with a white face and holds it in her hand.*]

HE. There's a wooden horse, too, and lots of other things. Which do you prefer? You can be a child again, Bébé, and play at horses.

SHE. Jack!

HE (*looks round*). Good God! What's the matter?

SHE (*holding the broken toy towards him with both hands*). It belonged to my baby—my little baby who died.

HE. I—I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

SHE (*bursting into tears*). I haven't looked at these things for two years—not since he died.

HE. I never knew you had a child.

SHE. He was only a year old, Jack—just old enough to laugh and try to talk, and he had such pretty, pretty curls and blue eyes. Oh, God! Oh, God! what a different woman I've been since he died!

HE. Shall I—put the things away?

SHE. No, no, no! I must do it myself. Don't touch them. I—I think you'd better go, Jack; I want to cry.

HE. Of course, Bébé—

SHE. Don't call me that.

HE. I beg your pardon, I'm so sorry. I can't tell you what a brute I feel for raking out all these things. Do forgive me.

SHE. Yes, I'll forgive you—only go. (*Kneels beside the trunk and fingers the things gently.*) Oh, my darling boy, my darling boy! Mother never knew your dear little playthings had been carried up here. Mother never knew, my pet, she never knew!

[*He goes softly out and closes the door.*]

Letter from Mrs. Walton to Captain Graham—

"DEAR JACK,—Please don't come and see me any more—at least, not for a long time. I don't want to be a bad woman, and I felt one after to-day. It isn't nice for a married woman to flirt, is it? and James is awfully good to me. Forgive me for writing this, and don't come for a long time. You won't hate me, will you? I can't help it.—Yours, BÉBÉ."

CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.



MISS IVANOVA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE FINEST THEATRE IN EUROPE.

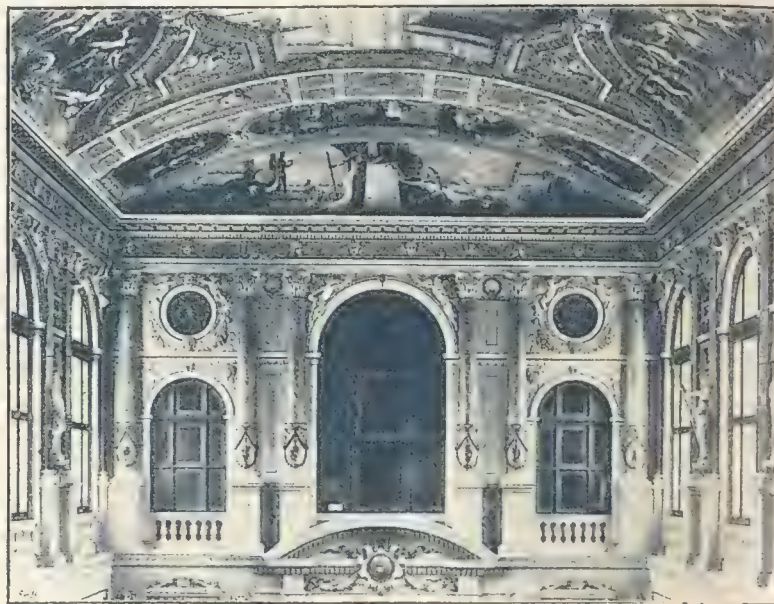
Of all the palatial buildings which have been erected in Vienna during Kaiser Franz Josef's reign, none takes a higher place as an example of completely finished art than the Burg Theatre, which is to be classed as



THE BURG THEATRE, VIENNA, WITH ST. STEPHEN'S IN THE DISTANCE.

one of the finest buildings of the modern world. To the utilitarian English mind it may seem ridiculous to spend nine years' hard labour in building a theatre, but the Viennese recognise the fact that the theatre is a place not for a few hours' amusement, but where a large part of their art education is to be gained, and they are content to spend hundreds of thousands of gulden to make their playhouses palaces of art. The Burg Theatre was designed by Semper, the architect of the Royal Vienna Museums, but certain details were added after his death by Hasenauer. The foundation-stone was laid in 1879, and the formal opening took place on Oct. 14, 1888. Situated in the Ring Strasse, close to the Volksgarten, and opposite the new Rathhaus, the theatre has an

imposing situation. The exterior is in the late Renaissance style. The chief façade is surmounted by Kundmann's colossal statue of the crowned Apollo, and underneath is Weyr's famous bas-relief representing the triumphal march of Bacchus and Ariadne. Round the outside are Tilgner's busts of the world's great dramatists. In the vestibule histrionic art is represented by marble statues of Kean, Talma, Ristori, and Rachel. The two main staircases and foyer are decorated with a splendour which outshines any other playhouse in the world, the work having been executed by the greatest decorative artists of Europe. The general ground colour is an ivory-white, which contrasts finely with



PART OF THE FOYER.

the deep crimson drapery of the boxes. The arrangement of seats is that common on the Continent: stalls on the ground-floor, then three tiers of boxes, and an amphitheatre. Ease of access and exit have also been gained by the construction of separate staircases for each tier. Fresh air is constantly pumped into the theatre from the Volksgarten, so that the hygienic conditions are perfect. Special precautions against fire have been secured by having most of the stage accessories made of iron. In this Palace of Art the Viennese have the great dramas of all countries presented to them as completely, from an acting and scenic point of view, as in any playhouse in the world.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.



THE PICTURE GALLERY IN THE THEATRE.



WISDOM.



BEAUTY.



TRUTH.



POETRY.

STATUARY IN THE FOYER OF THE BURG THEATRE.—J. BENK.

TROUT-HATCHING AT MATLOCK BATH.

Situated on a most charming portion of one of England's fairest streams, the Derwent, is the extensive trout hatchery of the Matlock Bath and Cromford Angling Society. This hatchery is one of the largest and most successful of its kind in the kingdom, and it has recently been extended. It is on the eastern bank of the river, in the private grounds of Willersley Castle (the seat of Mr. Arkwright), and at the southern extremity of the far-famed "Lovers' Walks." It is managed by a committee, with the Postmaster of Matlock Bath, Mr. A. Clark, as secretary and Mr. Cooper treasurer.

Many thousands of trout are bred here annually from the ova of the local trout, and also from the river Lathkill and the celebrated Loch Leven establishment. The ova are hatched out in small tanks, ranged one above the other, as shown in our illustration. These are graduated in size, and the volume of water running through them is also regulated to the necessities of the case. The trout are kept in tanks, solidly built of stone and cement concrete, from fifteen to twenty feet long, and are constructed at a level which permits of a constant stream of water from the river passing through them by gravitation. The fish are fed regularly, mostly on raw flesh minced to a pulp, and remain in the tanks until they attain the length of about nine inches, when they are ready to turn into the river. One of the tanks, however, contains some fine female fish of from two to three pounds weight. Considerable care is exercised



INTERIOR OF THE PRESERVE PONDS, THE DERWENT RUNNING ON THE RIGHT HAND.

in keeping the different-sized fish in separate tanks, as some of the fry grow much faster than others, although all are reared and fed under exactly similar conditions. The necessity for this sizing and separation will be understood when it is remembered that trout are voracious feeders, and prey upon the smaller of their own species.



THE FERRY TO THE HATCHERIES.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. LAVIS, EASTBOURNE.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The autumn publishing season will bring forth much that is of interest to the literature of art. Among Messrs. A. and C. Black's new books will be "The Life of Christ as represented in Art," by Archdeacon Farrar. The title is a vague one, and not particularly attractive. Everything, however, will depend upon the treatment, about which one can make a shrewd guess or two. Among Messrs. Methuen's announcements are "John Ruskin: a Study," by Charles Waldstein, and a volume upon Egyptian decorative art by Mr. W. Flinders Petrie.

Messrs. Sonnenschein and Co. announce "The Fine Arts," by Mr. G. Baldwin Brown, and "George Romney and his Art," by Hilda Gamlin; and a translation of Villari's "History of Florence," published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, should prove a valuable addition to English letters upon a very important period of art. The same publisher will

inherited some of the best outdoor traditions of his country, has just died at the age of forty-eight. He belonged to a great school, and was no unworthy representative of it.

The City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery Committee having decided to hold an exhibition of works by living English marine painters. Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the director, has been busily engaged for some months past in getting together a representative collection of seascapes and coast scenes by some of our best known painters of the sea. Under the special circumstances, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha have been graciously pleased to lend pictures from their collections. Among the artists who will be represented are Sir Oswald Brierly, Messrs. Henry Moore, R.A., J. C. Hook, R.A., John Brett, A.R.A., Colin Hunter, A.R.A., Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A.,



A SUMMER DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

issue an "adapted version" of "Robinson Crusoe," with reproductions of the "original illustrations" by Cruikshank. So far as illustrations are concerned, perhaps the most interesting book of the forthcoming season will be an *édition de luxe* of "The Stickit Minister," by the Rev. S. R. Crockett, which will contain illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. E. Waterlow, and by other artists of distinction. This book will be published also by Mr. Unwin. Messrs. G. Putnam's Sons, meanwhile, are about to publish "The Life and Genius of Jacopo Robusti, called Tintoretto," by Mr. Frank Preston Stearns.

Mr. Charles J. Clark has in his lists an announcement of "Some Old Wiltshire Homes, with Short Notices concerning their Memorials and Associations," by S. J. Elyard, which will contain some two dozen and more sketches of some of the most interesting houses in Wiltshire, and also of "The Sculptures in the Lady Chapel of Ely," by Mr. R. James. Both works should have a more than local interest, and they should serve to keep green the memory of a form of English art which is nearly dying in our midst. Very few are those who have any intimate knowledge of our provincial art.

Another death among the falling rank of artists. An admirable landscape and cattle painter, Heer Jan Vrolyk, a Dutch artist, who

Edwin Ellis, Frank Brangwyn, Tom Hemy, Tom Graham, W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., C. W. Wyllie, H. S. Tuke, D. Murray, A.R.A., E. Hayes, R.H.A., W. H. Bartlett, Albert Goodwin, R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., W. Small, Nelson Dawson, and J. Fraser. Among the contributors are the Corporations of Manchester, Liverpool, Maidstone, Leeds, Oldham, Preston, and Sunderland, Sir J. E. Millais, Bart, R.A., Sir Donald Currie, M.P., Mr. Henry Tate, and others. The exhibition will open on Oct. 1.

Mr. Henry Graves has just published an illustrated catalogue of his publications, which claims to possess "the largest stock of engraved portraits in the world, embracing rare portraits of ladies by the best engravers after the Old Masters, in addition to noblemen, gentry, scientific, medical, clerical, legal, naval, military, and sporting celebrities of the past two centuries." And, certainly, despite this very formidable list, it would be rash to say that the boast is not justified; the space which the index itself takes up is something like fourteen columns of a folio page, and the artists whose work is represented are as various as the heart of the ordinary or extraordinary man could desire.

Wilkie, Landseer, Gilbert, Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Romney, Guido, Millais, Turner, Frith, Cattermole, Rembrandt, Da Vinci, Professor Herkomer, Murillo, Constable—here are a few of the names that jostle



THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.—REGINALD ARTHUR.
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one another in strange confusion in this extremely various list, from which even the name of Mr. Whistler is not absent, being represented by his two most admirable works, the portrait of his mother and the Carlyle. The catalogue itself is a handsomely-illustrated volume, neatly, even nobly printed, and ought to be a considerable help to the student when pursuing his investigations. It must have exacted from the compiler great industry, and he earns the gratitude of his readers.

An interesting little exhibition is just opened to the public at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, consisting for the most part of drawings in black-and-white that have at some time done duty for illustrations to books published by Dent and Co., Aldine House. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is the most important, if not the most attractive, of the exhibitors, and his style is no less eccentric than of old. The worst that is to be said of it is that the eccentricity is now growing monotonous, and as Mr. Beardsley, like many another artist, is only occasionally moved to inspiration, one is not now so ready to accept that which is merely eccentric in the place of that which is occasionally inspired. Mr. Beardsley's "Grotesques" are, we fear, too often limited by their title, and for the justification of his art we have to fall back upon some admirable illustrations of the "Morte d'Arthur," which show Mr. Beardsley as an artist who, through a chosen and eccentric style, is capable of accomplishing much beauty and poetry in line and arrangement.

Mr. Walter Crane is handsomely represented at the same exhibition by a series of charming illustrations to the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." It is an

extraordinary fact in art that a play which is read so little, quoted so little, acted never—which is, in fact, reckoned among distinctly inferior Shaksperian work—should have inspired other arts, music and drawing, to such noble advantage. Mr. Crane has seized upon a vein of genuine poetry in his interpretation of the drama, and we all know what Schubert did for "Who is Sylvia?" Among other artists here exhibited, not the least interesting is Mr. Herbert Railton, whose sense of the picturesque in architecture is so widely and deservedly admired. Mr. Railton belongs to an orthodox school in art, a school that has no commerce with Mr. Aubrey Beardsley and his admiring followers. Nevertheless, one who quite recognises Mr. Beardsley's talent may none the less freely recognise Mr. Railton's elegance, his artistic handling, and his very fine sense of—rejection.

The discovery of a Raffaele is always the legitimate cause of a flutter among the artistic doves, and the news just comes that a Madonna by Raffaele has just been unearthed during the restoration of San Lorenzo at Verona. As usually happens with such remarkable finds, such as the Aleph manuscripts at Mount Sinai, it was discovered among the lumber. Together with this Madonna an altar-piece, which is the work of Nicolò Giolfino, has been unearthed. Now, Nicolò Giolfino was a painter of Verona.

Mr. Henry Blackburn on the art of illustration is distinctly worth reading. Mr. Blackburn's hostility is well directed against that which he calls "commercialism" in art. He is angry with modern "processes," and, doubtless, if the modern process claimed for itself a prominent place in art, if it set itself in rivalry with the technique of drawing or painting, that claim and that rivalry would be preposterous and impossible. But it is well to be tolerant, and there are uses of the "process" which are not to be denied or refused; it serves, at all events, to impart the echo of art's voice to large masses of the people to whose daily life that voice itself could never come authentically. By all means, let us remind ourselves that art is art, and process is process; but with that distinction and recollection, let us restrain anger and vehemence. But we cannot expect Mr. Blackburn to agree with us in this.

Viscount Hardinge and Sir H. Austen Layard have been succeeded in their positions as Trustees of the National Gallery by the Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir C. Tennant. It would be difficult to better the choice.

A list has just been published of the public works inaugurated or resolved upon by the French Government during what has been described as the "least active period of the year." It is to the following effect: Orders received from or completed for the State—M. Jean Coulon, a bust of the architect Bailly; M. Gaubert, bust of Dr. Fernel; M. Guillaume, a monument to Duban. At Moulins, a statue to Théodore de Banville has been inaugurated; at Choisy-le-Roi, a monument to sailors; at Lille, a monument to Testelin; at Valleraugue, a statue to Quatrefages; and at Cherbourg one to Millet.



WAITING TO GO ON.

From a Photograph by Mr. P. J. Stirling Doyd, Edinburgh.

MR. FRANK H. CELLI AT HOME.

I had never crossed Mr. Celli's threshold before. I had known him, of course, in Italian opera some years ago, afterwards in the original Carl Rosa Company—of which he is the sole survivor—and on the variety stage as a fine baritone and as an actor who has been styled the "Henry Neville of English opera," but until I called upon him I was quite unfamiliar with the inner mind and home life of this popular singer.

In going to see the personator of the hero of the defence of Rorke's Drift, now being portrayed nightly at the Canterbury, the neat appearance of Hammersmith Suspension Bridge was not unsuggestive of a triumphal-arched entry to the villa-edged road on the Barnes side in which Mr. Celli resides.

"Smoking my big cigar," as Scott-Fishe used to sing in "Jane Annie," I afterwards sat in the shade of a blushing cherry-tree, almost as burdened with fruit as the long south wall was with peaches, and there Frank Celli told me something of his life and his opinions.

"How differently to our expectations destiny carries out our lives! Fancy me, a child of Quaker parentage, singing on a variety stage! In my childhood the square, four-legged piano was simply a receptacle for



MR. F. CELLI IN "MIGNON."

Photo by Sadanov, Glasgow.

our toys and a noisy instrument which we used to jingle when our parents' backs were turned. I was even at one time intended for the ministry, but the Civil Service, in which my father had attained a fair position, carried the day. However, I think there must have been a strain of unorthodoxy in me, for my grandfather had fought in the Peninsular War, and perhaps that may account for some of my martial spirit."

"And then, Mr. Celli?"

"Well, afterwards, when I was in town, I sang as an amateur, and my singing inspired a letter written by the wife of a leading operatic manager at his suggestion. But I took little notice of it, until one day I pulled it out of my pocket with my handkerchief crossing the Bishop's Road railway-bridge. It was picked up and handed to me by a passer-by, and I regarded the fact as a message, and I called on the writer. I shall never forget that interview, especially the part when I was asked my terms. Knowing that Sims Reeves got £100 a night, my modesty prompted me to ask the half of his salary per week. I remember to this day how the newspaper quivered and shook behind which the manager was ensconced when he heard my proposal. Well, I got £8—not so bad, after all, was it?"

"And what was your first appearance?"

"Oh, as Mat o' the Mint in 'The Beggar's Opera,' at the old Marylebone; and then, bear in mind, I had never seen an opera on the stage. It was a funny sort of place, compared to modern houses."

"But after your severance with the Marylebone?"

"Well, then I was engaged to sing by Bottesini at the Covent Garden Concerts. Afterwards, Mr. Chute cast me to play Frank Osbaldeston in 'Rob Roy,' in place of Sims Reeves, and this contract led to my undertaking general business under the same management at Clifton, Bath, and Bristol, and in the interim of work I studied in Italy."

"Did you not sing the incidental songs in 'Lorenzo' at the Princess's, under Vining?"

"Certainly; and then Madame Rudersdorff took me on tour with oratorios. Afterwards, I joined Mdlle. Carlotta Patti's concert tour. Subsequently, I was engaged in the Italian Opera provincial company with Mapleson, and when he and Gye became partners I appeared at Covent Garden, migrating to Drury Lane at a later date."

"What were your most conspicuous successes during your twenty years' career?"

"I made my greatest reputation in the Carl Rosa Company of the old days by singing 'The Heart Bowed Down' and 'In Happy Moments,' but my

favourite parts were Mephistopheles in 'Faust,' Peter the Great, Figaro in 'The Barber of Seville,' the Count in 'The Marriage of Figaro,' the Toreador in 'Carmen,' and Papageno in 'The Magic Flute,' Falstaff, San Bris and Nevers in 'The Huguenots,' Don Giovanni, and the Duke in 'Lucrezia.'"

"And then, if rumour speaks truly, you retired?"

"For once, rumour is no liar. I did, and I made some very successful ventures with my earnings. Then fortune frowned, and I lost considerably; but I was solaced otherwise, for I won a domestic treasure, and so was nerved to

accept an engagement with the Carl Rosa Company. Then I was thrown out by breaking my left leg for the fourth time; for you must know that I have been always rather a keen rider to hounds—indeed, I was addicted to all sorts of sports. Well, I was just getting well, and was being wheeled about at Cliftonville in a bath-chair, when Mr. Morton, of the Alhambra, rescued me from its necessity by insisting on my singing 'Ordered Abroad.' You remember the Bermuda incident? Now, as you probably know, I am under contract with the Tivoli and the Oxford and the Royal, also with Mr. George Adney Payne at the Paragon and Canterbury, at the latter of which I am illustrating 'The Heroes of Our Empire' in recitation and song."

"Oh! yes, I know. I've heard your 'Tom Bowling' and other patriotic songs, not to exclude the Rorke's Drift sketch. And I honestly admit you look every inch a soldier or a sailor in the music-halls."

"Don't say music-hall, please: that went out with the chairman and 'Mr. — will oblige.' No, the right name is the variety hall. Indeed, the only difference between it and the theatre is smoking. One must go with the age. Just as our grandfathers were at one time satisfied with the sugar-and-wateroperas of Vincent Wallace and Balfe and the ballad concert, so now the public accepts greedily the music of Wagner, Puccini, and Mascagni, while the concert-hall has to include in its programme recitations and even coarser songs. The people nowadays appreciate what was caviare to them formerly, and the artists in many cases have had a University education, while the whole life behind the curtain has been completely reformed."

Then the chiming clock awoke me to the lateness of the hour, and Mr. Celli considerably placed his lips to the speaking-tube communicating with the stables, and ordered his carriage to bear me back to my transpontine home.

T. H. J.



Photo by Sarony, Scarborough.

AS CAPTAIN MACHEATH IN THE "BEGGAR'S OPERA."



Photo by Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.

AS COUNT ARNHEIM IN "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

SOUTH SEA ISLAND GIRLS.

The Samoan group of islands are the next in importance to the Fiji Archipelago, and lie about 625 miles to the north-east of Levuka. The entire group, volcanic in origin, is 265 miles in length, and consists

illustration represents three girls waiting for the boy to bring the sliced *kava* root and wooden bowl necessary for the preparation of the favourite native drink.

The women are of light complexion, are very happy and vivacious in temperament, and passionately fond of children. They resemble European ladies in one respect, and pay great attention



of ten inhabited islands. The native population is estimated at 35,000. There is no healthier place in the world than Samoa. The climate is equable, balmy, and highly beneficial to Europeans, and an almost perfect immunity from the ills that flesh is heir to can be safely relied upon. The islands are covered with luxuriant vegetation, and, owing to the abundance of natural edibles, the Samoans are inclined to be somewhat lazy. The lovely bread-fruit, lemons, bananas, citrons, oranges, and mangoes grow in the most bountiful profusion, and pine-apples are as common as weeds. The English schoolboy would have a good time in such an Elysium. The first of the illustrations here reproduced—which almost answers Hans Breitmann's quaint description, "De maiden mit nodings on"—is of an exceedingly pretty Samoan girl, and I have heard that this photograph suggested to Mr. R. L. Stevenson the heroine of his South Sea romance, "Uma." Her attire is the primitive costume; but the dress mostly worn is a mixture of European and native garments. The *lava-lava*, or waist-cloth of cotton print, is very common, together with showy-coloured handkerchiefs to cover the shoulders and breast. The working costume is an artistic kilt, formed of long leaves. Women of rank are, as a rule, clad in exquisite and valuable grass mats. The little girl in the second picture is dressed in a peculiar fabric produced from bark and hand-painted. She should, like all Samoans, hold a fan and fly-flap, but, instead, she clasps a native club. No doubt, the mosquitoes in her case were exceptionally pertinacious, and called for heavy treatment. The third

to their hair, but usually give it a reddish tint by using lime. They deck their tresses with scarlet flowers, and, altogether, look very bewitching and picturesque. Many of them are really pretty and well-educated, thanks to the indefatigable missionaries, and, to the everlasting joy of all religious societies, are earnest and very often enthusiastic Christians.

B. H.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



Jess C
94.

MAJOR BARRETT: "Japan says she proposes to demolish China."
HIS WIFE (wearily): "She ought to employ our parlourmaid."



THOUGHTS OF THE ABSENT.



John M. / 94

"Well, there's one thing: 'e's well broke!"



A DESPERATE REMEDY

MABEL: "How did you manage for partners at the hop?"

FLO: "We dispensed with the music and danced with the members of the orchestra."



FLIRTING FANNY: "If this won't make him sit up, I don't know what will."

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"ADAM THE GARDENER."*

Mrs. Batson's first novel, "Dark: A Tale of the Down Country," showed her, it was said, to possess an intimate knowledge and comprehension of the Wessex rustic nature, equalling or even rivalling that of Thomas Hardy, the first pioneer in these regions, where, "far from the madding crowd," odd, primitive types of character still maintain and manifest themselves to the eye of him that loveth them and understands their speech. "A cow bunted at ma in the first place, and now my twirly bone is out o' he's cup, an' when I walks I can hear un go nickle-nackle." It takes some special knowledge to understand even a sentence like this, quoted at hazard from Mrs. Batson's book.

For Mrs. Batson has elected to follow in the line of least resistance and follow the path in which her reputation was first made. "Adam the Gardener" contains several faithful portraits of rustic models, as they came under the eye of a certain upper-class Adam, who wishes by personal contact to probe and investigate the causes of discontent and disaffection among the lower classes.

The Socialist man would appear to be the literary counterpart of the New Woman in modern fiction. He supplies that element of the picturesque and unexpected which is a *sine quâ non* in the construction of plots adapted to the greedy, inquiring, insatiate modern mind. Mrs. Batson's hero is as restless and wrongheaded as the most sternly satirised example of the New Woman could be. Mr. Adam Romaine has somewhat pronounced opinions; nor is he in the habit of keeping them to himself. He has a fatal tendency to "wave the banner" of his Socialistic opinions, and irritate his aristocratic old father and pretty, good-natured cousin Sukey beyond endurance. But when he hints his intention of "manifesting the courage of his opinions as soon as he has any property to dispose of," old Sir Adam Romaine very naturally disposes himself to alienate that property in the favour of a very second-rate cousin of Adam's—the villain of the book, and altogether a hateful excrecence in a story that does not depend in the least for its interest on the machinations of Giles and his surreptitious manipulations of the family post-bag. Mrs. Batson's *forte* does not lie in the delineation of such melodramatic types of character as the rascally attorney's son. She is far more successful with the impulsive, generous, wrong-headed Adam, who proposes to "meet the people half-way," to find out their wants, to "persuade them to confide in him" by himself joining their ranks for a time.

Like Tourguéneff's hero, Adam Romaine might have said, on the lamentable failure of his experiment, "*Je n'ai pas su me simplifier.*" It never occurs to him that it is as difficult for some people to bring themselves down to a lower level as for others to rise, and that, though a man is born a gentleman, it may require some training to be a gardener, for this is the profession which Adam chooses out as a sufficiently low rung of the social ladder. Though this nineteenth century Adam cannot dig—that he knows of—he is not ashamed to go and beg a place on a cousin's estate some miles off, where he proposes to live *incog*. Whether he stained his face with walnut-juice, in order to rival the healthy tone of a worker out of doors, whether he continued to cultivate a moustache, of how many clean shirts a week he permitted himself, the story takes no cognisance. But the Eves whose privilege it was to spin by his side while he delved were mightily impressed, and to them all his troubles may be set down.

Adam Romaine, though not quite so aristocratically ignorant as was Mr. Besant's hero in "The Monks of Thelema," who ventured on a similar experiment, shows throughout a singular obtuseness concerning the ethics, domestic and social, of the new world in which he finds himself. Surely the average country gentleman would know better than to be seriously discomposed when an old village wife offers to "do for

him"? The scene between him and Dame Waving is highly comic. He draws up a balance-sheet of his probable expenses; the Dame "snorts" over the different items—

"Poor folks can't never buy no milk. Cross he out, young man. . . . What be'est g'wine to do vor viring?" . . .

"I forgot that; I must go without the beer. . . ."

"If you gives I the sixpence, you'll have fi'pence left for beer. 'T'ent enough vor every day, but t'ool give tha a good blow out o' Saturdays."

Adam, as the authoress is careful to explain, is by no means one of the "unco' guid," and he avails himself of the latter privilege pretty frequently, and "goes up the hill," as a visit to the Barley Mow is euphemistically called in Wickfield. He has, of course, a good reason: he goes to listen to the words of wisdom which Hodge and his mates let fall, and studies them as precious indications of the road Socialistic reforms should take. For the same reason, he "walks out" with pretty Mercy Dean, and from her innocent prattle hopes to glean valuable hints as to the condition of the rural population.

Here, in his dealings with the woman element in Wickfield, this Adam showed himself wanting in tact. Miss Mercy Dean very naturally considered herself appropriated, and popular opinion at the Sanhedrim of the Barley Mow decides that Adam is seriously compromised. A worse mistake than flirting with Mercy was to marry her, and this Adam does eventually, neither to her profit nor to his.

The handsome gardener has also found favour in the eyes of the handsome American widow, Cora Skinner, who is not above exacting the tribute of admiration even from a gardener. She wishes him "Good morning" as she passes him "nailing up a creeper," and the "correspondence so sweetly begun," as our ancestors used to say, is continued during many a desultory saunter on Mrs. Skinner's part, while the luckless gardener, like Casabianca, cannot, naturally, leave his post. Mrs. Skinner finally plants a camp-stool near the base of operations and waxes bold—

"Good afternoon, Adam."

"Good afternoon, Ma'am."

"When are you going to leave off your ridiculous habit of saying 'Ma'am'?"

"I'm afraid, Ma'am, I don't say it quite so often as I ought."

It will be seen from this brief quotation that Adam is by no means a laggard in flirtation, and plays a better second to Mrs. Skinner than the primitive ancestor on whom he banteringly lays such stress could have managed to do. He really has no right to be surprised when the passionate, undisciplined American proposes to him, and, finally, carries him off against his will and knowledge in her yacht. It is a fine situation. Adam, persuaded that he pays Mrs. Skinner a short visit on board in harbour, has his suspicions roused, and, flying up the companion, sees the coast of England receding from sight. But Mrs. Batson makes very little of it—does not even give us the scene where Adam persuades the sorceress to land him at Gibraltar.

Meanwhile, at the ancestral home of the Romaines matters have been taking many an odd turn. The young man who, in Adam's default, is being put forward as heir to the estate is a mean scoundrel, and by the intervention of pretty Lady Susan Adair, who secretly loves the defaulter at Wickfield, is kicked metaphorically out of the house. Adam, having "dreed his weird" in Wickfield, married Mercy and buried her, and, resisting the wiles of the widow Skinner, comes home sadder and, he owns it, not particularly wiser. He will in future, it is to be hoped, approach the rural population from a more sympathetic standpoint. V. II.

THE PATHOLOGIC SCHOOL.

MRS. GRAMERCY: "Do you exercise any supervision over your daughter's reading?"

MRS. PARK: "Certainly, my dear! It is quite necessary at the present day. I never let her read a book written by a woman until I've looked it over carefully."—Puck.



Photo by Heath and Ballingham, Plymouth.

MRS. S. BATSON.

* "Adam the Gardener." By Mrs. Stephen Batson. London: Hurst and Blackett.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XXIX.—MR. H. J. PALMER AND THE "YORKSHIRE POST."

There are few plums in the orchard of journalism, but the editorship of the *Yorkshire Post* is one of the most luscious fruits which the profession has to offer. It is filled at the present time by a journalist who, less than a score of years ago, was peeping over the palisades which surround



Photo by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

MR. H. J. PALMER.

the Fourth Estate. He saw before him a land of pregnant promise, and he entered it with the determination to possess some of its milk and honey.

It is difficult to avoid Carlyle's definition of genius when speaking of Mr. H. J. Palmer, the editor of the *Yorkshire Post*. His success is mainly due to his capacity for taking pains. In the bright lexicon of his youth there was no such word as "indolence." As a clerk in the Midland Railway office at Gloucester he showed an aptitude for painstaking work, and when Sir William Leng induced him to exchange ledgers for literature he carried to the *Sheffield Telegraph* this industrial avidity. He entered heart and soul into the cause which that paper advocated, stimulated thereto by the devotion which Sir William Leng exhibited in the same direction.

From little seeds tall trees grow. One day a Barnsley miner attended a Liberal meeting, and heard for the thousandth time that the Tories had never done anything for the working classes. He asked the editor of the *Sheffield Telegraph* to combat the statement. Mr. Palmer approached his chief, and expressed a desire to smash the taunt of the other party. "Do so," said Sir William Leng, with an emphasis which inspired enthusiasm in his young subordinate. He settled down to a severe course of "Hansard," and quarried from its iron pages a tremendous amount of fact and quotation, which he cast into an aggressive narrative, turning the taunt upon the enemy while building up the case for his own side. Then appeared those memorable broadsheets, "Some Great Tory Reforms," which dropped like dynamite into the opposing camp. Regiments of facts and figures were marshalled with the dexterity of a military tactician, and they carried the name of the *Sheffield Telegraph* throughout the constituencies in the election of 1885, and proved the journalistic coup of the year. No fewer than 1,050,000 copies were bought up and circulated, and to-day they are used as party weapons in every contest which takes place.

In 1886 Mr. Palmer was appointed to the editorial charge of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*. In a short time he increased its political influence in the Midland metropolis. During his editorship the first Conservative member of Parliament, Mr. Henry Matthews, was elected for

that democratic city, a triumph which threw deserved lustre on the organ of the party and its brilliant commander. He brought the paper into line with its contemporaries, prescribed effectively for its weak circulation, and made it one of the best newspapers in the Midlands.

Three years ago Mr. Palmer was called up higher—to the editorial chair of the *Yorkshire Post*. This position he fills with signal ability. In spite of the torpid state of trade, the circulation of that journal has beaten all previous records during the Palmerian régime. The *Post* has a firm grip on the public from the Tweed to the Trent, and its youthful ally, the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, has sprung at a rapid bound into the front rank of evening newspapers. Mr. Palmer attributes the success of both papers to keeping a keen eye for all-round enterprise in news, and making the most of it when obtained. With an editorial purse deep and capacious, he gets the best of everything, and employs only such men as can write with authority and decision in the various departments of his paper.

June this year saw the splendid realisation of a project which the editor of the *Yorkshire Post* initiated for the benefit of a deserving charity. Visiting the little Lancashire watering-place of St. Anne's-on-Sea, Mr. Palmer received an inspiration which led to a "Lifeboat Saturday" for Leeds. On the promenade is one of the most pathetic memorials ever erected to British heroism, and the sight of this induced him to make an appeal through his paper for the impoverished funds of the Lifeboat Institution. A magnificent response was the result. The demonstration which followed resulted in a net sum of £2000, and started a wave of philanthropic effort on behalf of the Lifeboat Institution which has done much to recoup the failing fortunes of that deserving charity.

THE "PROS" AND "CONS" OF AUSTRALIAN EMIGRATION.

The superfluous younger son still "arrives" in such undeniable and alarming numbers among us that the problem of where to put or what to do with him grows daily in burning seriousness. The British pater-familias is at his wits' ends over the distressful dilemma of Dick, Tom, or Harry's prospects, while Bill and Bobby, following at quick-step behind, must also be read off the overflowing family free-list at no distant date. But how and by whom? Questions of daily consideration, these, in many a tightened and perplexed household. It may interest a percentage of this unemployed rising generation—who are eagerly waiting to discover some friendly creek with a passable anchorage—to hear a few facts with regard to openings for settlers in Australia at the present time. The opinion of an influential resident who knows his antipodean continent from stem to stern may contain some useful hints for young men who are open to any line that promises a livelihood, whether it be on the treadmill of a London office or the far-off rough-riding of an up-country sheep-walk. Times are still bad in Australia, and financial distress among the banking and trading classes keeps the clerk of London produce still at a considerable discount. Therefore, it is well for the man of figures to bear in mind that he must bring other pigs to market, as my informant puts it, besides the arithmetical faculty. In new village settlements there is always a start to be made, but the new-comer must absolutely bring some capital to bear—at least £50, and if £100, better still. Food is very dear in this new country, and water is so scarce as to be comparatively expensive, too. Still, a little money goes farther and fares better than at home. Land is to be had in plenty and cheap. If the settler will content himself with a small property, and, above all, develop it, a comfortable living can at least be insured. The land-grabbing mania has swamped many a promising colonist, and it is certain that "*Festina lente*" applies nowhere more imperatively to existing circumstances than in "land hungry" Australia. Given a country, therefore, with practically unlimited acres, an excellent climate, and increasing civilisation, one may safely add that its virgin soil can still absorb thousands of people and support them. "But insist on the necessity of a little capital on which to plant one's feet first," said my guide to Australia, reverting to his muttons with the authority of long experience. "The penniless lad had far better stay at home; we are already overcrowded with him, and, indeed," he continued, with a humorous twinkle, "unless some one finds another continent, or, at the very least, the North Pole, I fail to see where the younger Tom can be profitably transplanted." Men with sisters, it should be added, may advantageously bring one—always, let it be understood, the sister who can and will work. Fine ladies are quite superfluous to the new colonist, and a knowledge of cooking, not to mention milking the cow and even feeding the pig, will be necessary to the damsel who exchanges the old country for the new. Fruit culture is being enormously developed each year, and canning, drying, and preserving are possible experiences for her share also. The life may be hard, but it is healthy, and offers a competence to the steady youth which an equally minute capital cannot readily command at home.—B. T.

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

"TWO PENN'ORTH!"

Shade of Grimaldi! spirit of Edmund Kean! wraith of that other giant of Shaksperian fame, Samuel Phelps, to wit! It is to the classic region



GRIMALDI'S FIRST APPEARANCE (AS A MONKEY), AT THE AGE OF THREE, AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, 1781.

known to-day, as it was a century ago, as Sadler's Wells—though the Wells are not and Sadler is but the shadow of a name—that I go in quest of twopenn'orth of amusement.

Upon the boards where the great Joey grimaced, where the "Pupil of Nature" recited Rollo's speech from "Pizarro," and where one of the last of the good old school of tragedians murdered sleep and demanded his pound of flesh, I seek, as invited by the bold advertisement of Mr. George E. Belmont, "Barnum's Beauty," who, with a touching confidence, but some irrelevance, informs me that he "loves his lady's love when it phreely phlows"—occasion for "Cheers, Tears, and Laughter," all for twopence!

Mr. Belmont offers a perfect prize-packet for my twopenny dip: the "Great Mac" and a "Combination," including a "handsome, charming, and unaffected leading lady"; a lady "Serio and Over Artist"; a boneless "Wonder"; "Comedy Contributors"; a "Champion Cloggist," or "Triumphant Terpsichorean Tactician"; a gentleman who describes himself as "Dan Leno's Double"; and "Several Superlative, Smiling, Simpering, Sniggering, Shake-Your-Sides Symptom Suppliers."

Hitherto, I had not ranked simpering or sniggering among the attractive accomplishments of the professional "artist," but it is all a matter of taste, and if Sadler's Wells finds them fascinating "Barnum's Beauty" would be unworthy of his training if he failed to supply them.

Nor is the variety show out of harmony with the traditions of a place in which, since the "spacious days of great Elizabeth," the changes have been more than kaleidoscopic, as new elements have been introduced when old-time or more recent patrons called with eager zest for novelty.

It is a typical, greasy London night, and before the sliding horses and dimly-lighted 'bus reached the end of Rosebery Avenue on its road to the Angel, the story of "The Wells" flitted phantasmally through my memory. I thought of the old country hostelry, with its vine-clad porch, hard-by the entrance to the Sadler's Wells of Hogarth's days, as shown in his famous "Evening" sketch, with the henpecked Cit. and his fat wife in the foreground, and in the rear a "Cockney Arcadia," with cows and milkmaids and open fields stretching away to the "Middlesex Alps" at Highgate.

Then came a series of dissolving views, in which, with my mind's eye, I saw the Princesses Amelia and Caroline taking the waters, and making the place fashionable to the tune of £30 a morning. John Braham, too, is singing there as a boy, and Joey Grimaldi makes his first appearance, in a monkey disguise, as a child of three, in the year 1781, and for seven-and-forty years remains faithful to his first love, singing his last song there on the occasion of his farewell benefit, on March 17, 1828.

The shades of Charles and Thomas Dibdin also flit across the glass, and luckless Queen Caroline patronises the place, her box and its appointments being exhibited by the lessee for a week afterwards. Here, too, comes Belzoni, who, after appearing as a "strong man"—a Sadow of 1803—at "The Wells," carrying eleven men on a heavy iron frame round the stage, became a famous Egyptian traveller. And so the

strange procession passes on its way, from the far-off time when a three-shilling ticket for the boxes included a pint of port, mountain, Lisbon, or punch, until the glory of those later days of the "legitimate" under the Phelps and Warner management, from 1844 to 1862, almost makes one forget that it was at Sadler's Wells that T. P. Cooke, most popular of stage sailors, first appeared as William in the immortal drama of "Black-Eyed Susan."

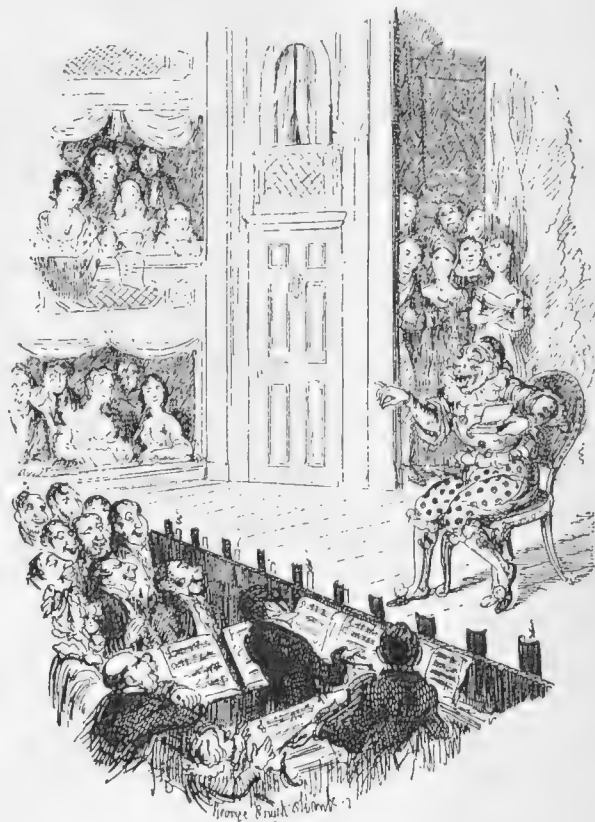
But the 'bus stops at last, for even Rosebery Avenue comes to an end if one has but patience, and a ponderous portico and grey stone steps lead to my twopenn'orth of music, mirth, and melodrama.

The house is packed from floor to ceiling with a happy, good-humoured, perspiring audience. In the hurry of dressing, some of the gentlemen, it is true, have slipped on a necktie of brave hues, but have forgotten the collar of the higher civilisation, and some of the lads who are making the most of their twopenn'orth in the gallery enjoy the *otium sine dignitate* of shirt-sleeves. But it is pleasant to see that the shining faces are, at least, no strangers to soap and water. The ladies in the auditorium are numerous, for, as a rule, the young male Cockney is courtly and the elder connubially inclined, but, for the most part, they have not soared so high as the gallery. The stalls, which cost but a shilling, and are not reserved—"First come, first served" being the rule at "The Wells"—the sixpenny dress circle, and the huge pit are the parts most favoured by these cooing or cosy couples, and everywhere good humour and good manners are the rule.

Not to-day could Ned Ward write that "in the pit were butchers, bailiffs, housebreakers, footpads, prize-fighters, thief-takers, deer-stealers, and bullies, who drank, and smoked, and lied, and swore." Everyone behaves admirably, and notices prefer the polite request, "Please don't whistle"—a hint that is generally taken, except when Vice defeated and Virtue triumphant get up a steam that positively compels the use of the whistle safety-valve.

For at Sadler's Wells to-day, as at the Standard, the "Brit.," and the old "Vic.," the heart of the audience is very tender and very true to the o'd faith in virtue and its reward. Those may sneer who will, but it is a good thing that with all our superfine cynicism and shady morality in society the masses respond to the good old cues, and welcome with whistles of irrepressible delight the platitudes and melodramatic situations, old as the hills, but as firm, too, in upholding the beauty of truth and virtue and the ugliness of falsehood and vice. We may smile as we compare these crude appeals to a sense of honour and courage with the polished improprieties, the significant *double-entendres*, but we know in our hearts which, when all is said, is the worthier of the two.

And so I am glad to see the place a success. Two crowded houses a night, as Dr. Caius Evans would have said, "is goot gifts," and Sadler's Wells entertains one audience at 6.30 and another at 9.15. Nor is there any need for "Barnum's Beauty" to adopt the tactics in vogue in the old days, when it was "Miles's Music-House," and four or five entertainments would be given in a day, and a man outside watched



GRIMALDI'S LAST SONG, MARCH 17, 1828, AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

until he saw a sufficient crowd for another audience, when he would enter the building and call out, "Is Hiram Pisteman here?" as a cue to the performers to cut the entertainment short.

Twice a night Sadler's Wells amuses its patrons, and so generous is the twopenn'orth provided for them that one is tempted to wonder how it is done, until one looks at the huge audience, like Mrs. Fezziwig, "one vast, substantial smile," and realises that honest pathos and clean humour are still powers among the people.

A. G.

AN APPRECIATION OF MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

We have just sent over to America a new actress, a bright star, and a fresh Juliet. All at home who have watched the career of Olga Nethersole with so much increasing interest await the result of her appearance in generous, art-loving, and critical America with necessary anxiety, but with absolute confidence. Like her gifted and beautiful predecessor, Lilian Adelaide Neilson, it is in the character of Shakspeare's Juliet that our young actress will chiefly appeal to the people of the great American Continent. I do not know exactly how it is, but whenever the art of Olga Nethersole is presented to me my thoughts go back to the lovely Adelaide Neilson, whose early and untimely death in Paris in the full brilliancy of her career robbed the English stage of one of its brightest ornaments. Olga Nethersole and Adelaide Neilson resemble one another in a very striking manner. They have the same enthusiastic and passionate temperament—the southern temperament, as we should call it, as opposed to the colder northern nature. They resemble one another in their dauntless energy, their defiance of all obstacles placed in their path, and in their admirable business habits and capacity.

Like all genuine artists, they have both loved their work, and devoted themselves to it heart and soul. With them work and study have been invariably first in the day's programme; pleasure and society last. These important truths are too often forgotten by the rising generation of actors and actresses. Their predecessors toiled for years in the country, worked up the ladder from the lowest rung, and knew the value of experience. But their successors think that acting is learned by flashes of lightning. Nay, more, if by some accident they fall across some part that suits their style, temperament, and individuality, and make a success, instantly, in their own opinion, they are Rachels, Siddonses, and Bernhards. The next time they try, they fail obviously and necessarily.

Although Miss Olga Nethersole had been on the stage in a minor capacity some little time before that eventful night at the St. James's when she was cast for an important character in Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Dean's Daughter," this was the first strong public recognition of her budding power.

I must own that I thought the time had not yet come for classing her in the Adelaide Neilson division. I did not cordially join the enthusiasts, for I thought that the performance, though strong and meritorious, was disfigured by a certain staginess and melodramatic excess, faults not to be passed over in a very young actress. I was in a minority, for I did not, and could not, conscientiously join in the pæan of praise sung to Miss Olga Nethersole over "The Dean's Daughter." Mr. Rutland Barrington's management came to grief, as we all know, and so did the poor "Dean's Daughter." But Mr. John Hare, clever tactician as he is and admirable judge of acting, saw the promise in the young actress, and engaged her for the Garriek. I must honestly own that I was again disappointed with Miss Nethersole's performance in "The Profligate." Mr. Hare's faith and judgment were, however, justified by Miss Nethersole's immense and striking success as La Tosca when she understudied Mrs. Bernard Beere. I have always regretted that I never saw the performance, which must, from all accounts, have been a very fine one—so fine, in fact, as to give a strong hint that we had here a Juliet of the future, an actress who had some strong tragic stuff in her. The Tosca

did for Miss Nethersole exactly what "The Huguenot Captain" and "The Long Strike" did for Adelaide Neilson. She had power, and she wanted the opportunity to show it.

In the old days Miss Nethersole would have been advised to go into the country and work hard. She did the next best thing: she took ship and went to Australia, where she must not only have worked desperately hard, but must have been admirably taught. Whatever the reason may be—the climate, the work, the training, or the experience—it is certain that Miss Olga Nethersole returned home from Australia a far better actress than when she left home.

She had acquired style; her acting was not less intense, but more balanced and thoughtful. All this was proved by her magnificent performance in Mr. Grundy's "Fool's Paradise." We had here force,

passion, and subtlety. Her onward career from that point was very rapid. She was offered the part of the Second Mrs. Tanqueray by the author, Mr. Pinero, and perhaps it was lucky for Miss Nethersole that under her contract with Mr. Hare it was impossible for her to accept it. She could not have failed as the Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Failure would be impossible with such a part, but she very wisely did not want to be eternally identified with female misery and despair. She aspired to show woman's hope, woman's faith, woman's nobility, woman's love, and woman's soul.

Again, like Adelaide Neilson, Miss Olga Nethersole took her fortune into her own hands. She was too eager and enthusiastic to wait for an opportunity, so she determined to make one for herself. She took the Court Theatre, she brought out "The Transgressor," and by a truly magnificent performance she established her reputation at a bound. The actress who could let herself go as Miss Olga Nethersole did in this clever but disappointing play would do anything. I shall never forget the enthusiasm of the audience. Miss Nethersole by her acting was able to give us the "cold shiver." That is the crucial test of great acting. Sarah Bernhardt continually gives it to me, and there must have been many a "cold shiver" down the back on that first night of "The Transgressor." This was the one young actress who was capable of being a star. At any rate, Mr. Augustin Daly, one of the most experienced managers in existence, thought so, and gave Miss Nethersole an opportunity of starring in America under his advice and guidance. She

could not have a better or safer adviser or guide. Warwick was supposed to be the king-maker: Mr. Augustin Daly is the actor and actress maker, and any star is lucky that shines in the firmament set by Mr. Daly.

So the new Juliet, starred and supervised by Mr. Augustin Daly, will play Juliet in her lovely Burne-Jones and Nettleship dresses for the first time in her life, and if it were not so extremely wicked to "criticise in advance," and I were not so dreadfully afraid of the lashes of my contemporaries, who spend far too much of their time in correcting and finding fault with me, I should say that as Juliet Olga Nethersole will compare very favourably indeed with Adelaide Neilson. I believe she will make in America an immense success as Juliet, for the Americans love Shakspeare and adore pretty actresses who have talent. At any rate, let us hope so: let us wish her *bon voyage* and a merry time; the only proviso must be that she does not become so attached to America that she refuses to come home when her old friends and earliest admirers call for her. We will lend Olga Nethersole to America. We cannot afford to give her.



Photo by H. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

At last the course of the Eastern war has been rudely broken by a real battle. The period of inaction tempered by inventions is over. The intelligent Japs have turned their lessons to such good account as to kill, wound, or take some seventeen thousand out of fifteen thousand Chinamen, and pursue the rest. The rest, indeed, would seem to have been pursued to the other side of nowhere, and to have become a minus quantity. The details of the victory are altogether somewhat perplexing to the average reader. An attack at three o'clock in the morning, carried out with much confusion to one side, but none on the other, is a wonderful event: a night attack in which ten times as many were hurt on one side as on the other is also strange. In short, while there seems no doubt that the Chinese were badly beaten, there seems scope for speculation as regards the details.

It was an autumn evening,
Old Gasper's tea was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was reading in the *Sun*
(The extra-special *Sun*, I mean,
Which, like the *Westminster*, is green).
He read how many thousand Japs
(Three columns of the best)
Had slain the whole of the Chinese,
And meant to chase the rest,
And at the witching hour of three
Had gained a famous victory.
He read in thrilling paragraphs,
With headlines black between,
How out of fifteen thousand men
Fell thousands seventeen!
"There's summat wrong in that," said he;
"But 'tis a famous victory."
"And as for statements of the loss
That happened either side,
It's somehow borne upon my mind
That somebody has lied;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory!"

But to be serious, the Japanese victory, if at all according to the accounts so far received, has two important lessons for us. First, it was the inactivity of the Chinese navy that enabled Japan to accumulate a crushing force at the decisive point; and, secondly, the details given of the action, if correct, would seem to prove that a night attack by a large force can be carried out without resulting in hopeless confusion. In night attacks, many soldiers have long thought, lie the best means of evading the deadly fire of modern long-range rifles and artillery. The side that can train its men to execute such attacks *en masse* without confusion or panic may possess a decisive advantage.

The regretted death of the gifted journalist known as "Shifter" gives rise to the wish that in his grave might be buried for a time the peculiar class of humour of which he was the most brilliant manufacturer. This may be called "club" humour. A number of more or less mythical characters are invented, and their conversations and mutual relations, more or less probable, are a means of introducing more or less laughable anecdotes and speeches. The *Sporting Times* has its semi-mythical group, the members of which are chiefly engaged in obtaining drinks at each other's expense. Getting drunk and borrowing money are the two staple topics of humour. A less brilliant group has for long years clustered round the venerable hat of Ally Sloper, Esq., and a less uproarious band of imaginary characters has emitted its opinions under the name of the Snoring Room, or some such title.

The notion is a good one; it is also hallowed by antiquity. Addison and Steele used it; so did Peacock; so did Schumann, with his "Davidsbündler," and Wendell Holmes, with his "Breakfast Table" series. But it is never, in my humble opinion, good for long. While the personality of each speaker is kept distinct and human, the public will be interested; but soon the dramatic feeling of the author relaxes, and then comes weariness. When one imaginary character says what another might have said, it becomes time to close the club. Would it be too much to suggest that a new group might enliven the pages of the *Pink 'Un*, and that Drink and Debt should cease to be the twin stars of its staff?

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

One of the most important of the illustrated books which Mr. George Allen contemplates issuing this autumn is the limited *édition de luxe* of Spenser's "Fairie Queene," in large post-quarto form, on Arnold's hand-made paper, with illustrations by Mr. Walter Crane. It is to be published in monthly parts, and will probably be the artist's *chef-d'œuvre*, as he himself said that it had been the dream of his life to illustrate the "Fairie Queene." As a rule, parts will be published about the middle of each month, but the first part cannot be ready until towards the end of October. It will contain four full-page illustrations, six canto headings and initials, and five tail-pieces. There will be a specially-designed cover and title-pages.

The novelists are doing their best to make us abhor the "Woman." We shall abhor the thing itself next if they go on in their present fashion. But they are, on the whole, sensitive to revulsions of feeling on the part of their public, and, perhaps, may be trusted to change their subject and their tone ere long, and so prevent a reaction which would inevitably mean a run of fiction with the women's parts omitted altogether. The end of the New Woman novels is probably to be seen in their rapidly-increasing number as well as in the fact that they have got into particularly unskilful hands.

The poor ones are not a bit less objectionable when they are reactionary. The last I have come across speaks of its heroine more in sorrow than in anger, regards her as a noble human being, only misguided and mistaken. But "A Husband of No Importance," by "Rita," the last "Pseudonym" volume, is as disagreeable as the most fulsome canonisation of New Womankind. The story of the husband in question is a kind of variation of "The Ugly Duckling." He is ignored in his household; his wife never knows where he is, nor cares. His poverty of intellect is the only circumstance about him on which she cares to talk. He might have been driven to evil ways by such treatment, but, on the contrary, he spends his leisure in his study, writing a great play—a play that takes the dramatic world by storm—the subject of which is that Titanic but terribly mistaken person, "The New Woman." He sends his wife a box the first night, and is in a hideous fright when he is called before the curtain lest she should flout him, or do something that only New Women can do. But she only weeps and suivels and says he is quite right, and she doesn't want to be a New Woman any more.

"Rita" is not a great satirist. She is on wrong ground here altogether. Her New Women and Old Man are both ridiculous dummies that prove nothing. But Mrs. Hex Rashleigh, if she is not a personality, has things put into her mouth which are very typical of a kind of woman to be met with to-day. She moves about a good deal in the world, has many new things on the tip of her tongue, calls herself up-to-date, but her understanding and her heart are untouched and untouchable by any of the movements round which she hovers butterfly-wise. This particular specimen talks second-hand serious stuff in a way to make an undertaker smile, while her first-hand efforts are cheap, ill-tempered gossip about her neighbours and commonplace satires on large bodies of her fellow-citizens—the West-End Jews, for instance. Her criticism is alien alike to good taste and good understanding—in fact, "Rita" has painted the very ordinary, curiosity-loving, vulgar woman of to-day, and then gone so far astray as to think she has presented a being of intellectual capacities.

Too much about an unimportant book. But it is sometimes worth while to advise a cobbler to stick to his last. And neither the New Woman nor social satire is "Rita's" last. She can write a narrative far better than many of the contributors to the Pseudonym Library. But about the weakest of the other volumes there was generally to be felt a certain odour of cultivation, which is singularly lacking in "A Husband of No Importance."

A satire of far more force is Mr. Frank Frankfort Moore's "One Fair Daughter" (Hutchinson). Very few writers would have dared to write the book, and it is not worth the daring. It is very clever and very ugly. Readers who are apt to be attracted by the wicked or doubtful reputation of a book will probably be disappointed if they think to get pleasure out of this one, for the wickedness in it is not made insinuating and attractive. It is written in a mood which could almost be described as brutal. Mr. Moore seems never to spare a wicked thought or impulse to the creature whom he has made at once the villain and the heroine of the piece. This creature is the "one fair daughter." Superficially, she is very cleverly drawn, and with an eye to probability; below the surface she is a monstrosity.

Mr. Moore's chief aim, however, was evidently not to print the career of a wicked, heartless woman, but to satirise the society into which she made such efforts to enter. Mrs. Bennett-Wyse's circle had, perhaps, a right to call itself Society, for the word spelt with a big "S" suggests a good deal that is very silly and very vulgar. But the danger of making game of its silliness and vulgarity is that the satirist, unless he has a strong head and a particularly fastidious mind, is apt to catch the tone of the thing satirised. And Mr. Moore has sometimes done so. As there is evidently no great purpose at the back of Mr. Moore's book, it was hardly worth his while to be so daring and so careless of giving offence as he has been in "One Fair Daughter." He has written a clever, vivacious novel, out of which no healthy reader will get five minutes' worth of pleasure.

O. O.

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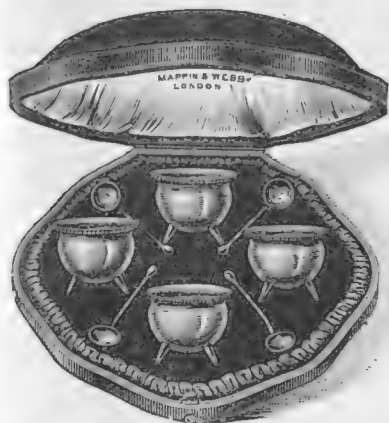
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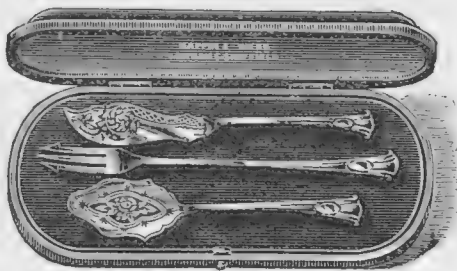
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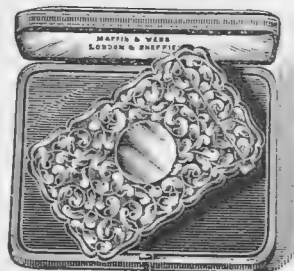
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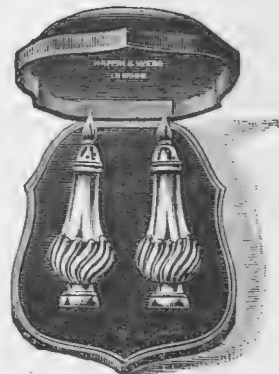
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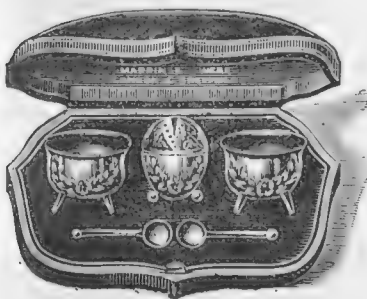
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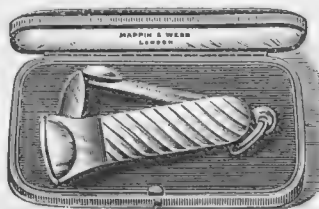


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Mr. Ward's Two Hundred Words.

Some men talk too much, and others not quite enough. The latter kind are not numerous, but they exist, and Mr. Henry Ward is one of them.

Mr. Ward is a stationer, and lives at Barton-in-the-Clay, near Ampthill, Bedfordshire. On Sept. 19, 1893, he wrote us a letter of about two hundred words altogether. Ordinarily we should regard that letter as a model, for brevity is not only the soul of wit, but it is also a delightful quality in nearly all verbal communications and writings. Still, we wish Mr. Ward's letter had been four times as long as it is, because the story he has in mind covers a period of twenty years, and two hundred words are hardly more than a guide-board on such a long road as that. He will, of course, accept what we say as a high compliment, for there are very few persons of whom we say, "Would they had talked longer!" So we will give you his letter just as he wrote it, without a syllable omitted.

"Off and on," he says, "I have suffered for twenty years from a sluggish liver. My eyes were tinged of a yellow colour; I had a dull, heavy pain at the side, and a mist seemed to come before my eyes. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and pain and fullness after meals. I suffered agonies from colic; when the bad attacks came on I writhed and groaned with

pain, and often thought I should die. In August of last year (1892) I became as yellow as a marigold, and suffered excruciating pain in the intestines, with a fearful diarrhoea. For weeks this continued, and I grew very low, weak, and anxious, wondering if I should ever get better. At last I began to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The first few doses gave me relief, and after I had used one bottle and a half I was completely cured. Since then, through an occasional dose of the Syrup, I have kept in good health. (Signed) Henry Ward."

Mr. Ward thus gives us a glimpse of an experience of which we are sure the full details would be both interesting and instructive. For if all the men and women who are oppressed and half crushed with chronic indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint (in England alone) were to move into Bedfordshire, it would crowd that county with the saddest lot of people you ever laid eyes on. And not one of them but would be glad to read what a fellow-victim had to say. Nevertheless, thousands of them will see this article in the papers, and find out *what cured him*, which is the very nub of the case, after all.

In fact, one has already heard of it through Mr. Ward himself, personally. It is a lady, living at Sharpenhoe, near Luton, Bedfordshire. She says that the early signs of her complaint appeared in the spring of 1886. Her symptoms

in many respects resembled those named by Mr. Ward. She was frequently sick, and would strain and vomit for as much as twelve hours at a time. "I had great pain across the stomach," she adds, "and what seemed like a lump would rise into my throat, causing me such agony that the perspiration ran from my face in streams. I got so nervous and frightened that even a knock at the door would startle me. I got little or no sleep of nights, and grew so weak that I could barely get about. The doctor gave me medicines, and recommended mustard plasters, but they did not help me. One day Mr. Ward, the stationer of Barton, called at our house and told me what Mother Seigel's Syrup had done for him, and urged me to try it. I acted on his advice, and after I had used the Syrup a short time, all pain left me; I could eat, and my food gave me strength. By taking a dose once in a while, I have kept well ever since. (Signed) Mrs. Kate Smith."

Now, please mark this. Liver complaint, loss of appetite, sick stomach, constipation, rheumatic pains, nervous prostration, &c., are all one thing, *and that one thing is indigestion and dyspepsia*. Cure that and you cure them. And what cures *that* the writers of the above letters have told us.

Why will people go on suffering year after year when it is easier to be well than to be ill? Yes, and cheaper too—a thousand times cheaper.

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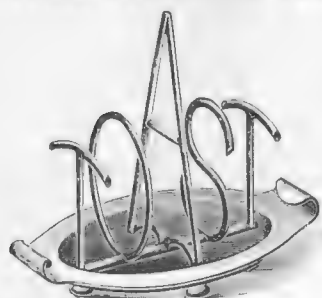
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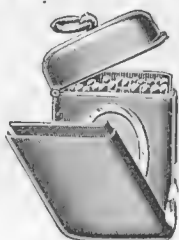
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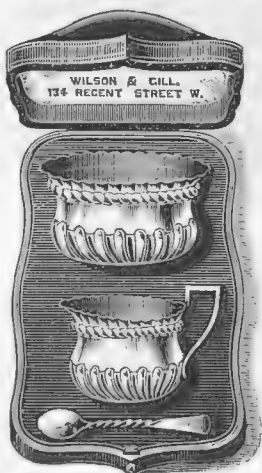
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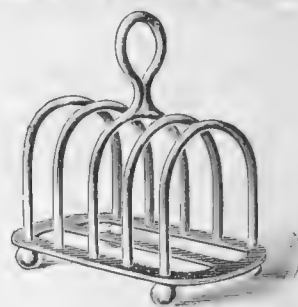
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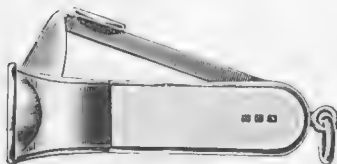
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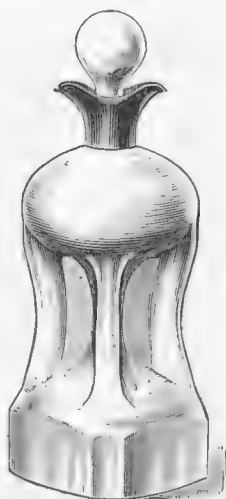
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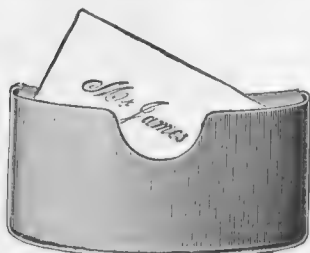
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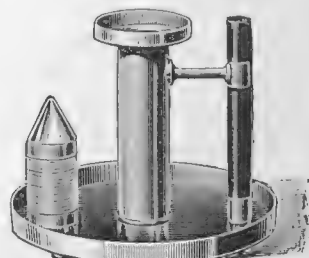
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"THE DOWNFALL OF LOBENGULA."*

Once upon a time (the day of the month is wanting to the narrative) there was a general, by name Umziligazi, by profession a Zulu, who was one of the most trusted men of the great King Chaka. And this man, being sent by the good monarch to slay and to murder wheresoever he could lay his hand upon the living, so far forgot himself that he put the booty into his own pocket, the girls into his own kraal, the cattle into his own pens, and, being a much-trusted man, he thereby moved the mighty Chaka to exceeding wrath, so that the King gathered together his chief men and exterminators, and cried aloud that they should bring to him the head of Umziligazi, and should so decimate his tribe that not one wife remained.

Now, the edict went forth—and the warriors; but, being come into the country of Umziligazi, they found that he, with so many of his wives as he could gather together in one shining of the moon, had shaken off the dust of his heels at the King who had been set over him, and had flitted no man knew whither. A later despatch informed Chaka that his much-trusted general had fled across the Drakensberg to the territory now occupied by the South African Republic, and there, being free of

love and gunpowder, they went forth annually to raid, and in the gladness of their hearts they murdered their neighbours, the Mashonas.

This was in the year 1893, Mashonaland being then under the protection of the South Africa Company. Lobengula, to the surprise of the white men, had conceded in the year 1889 the rights of all the minerals in his country; and, as we know, companies were floated in London in the early part of the year 1893 for the fuller development of the concessions. But scarce was the enterprise afoot when the gay Matabili, full of the freshness of the year, raided the Victoria district and killed at their will. At a later date "Driven by the Wind" wrote to Dr. Jameson claiming it as his right to raid and slay whenever and wheresoever he would. It was then apparent that if the lives of the hundreds of natives working in the company's service were to be regarded as of any worth, either the power of the Matabili had to be for ever crushed, or Mashonaland had to be abandoned. The latter course could not be entertained; the former was put to the test. With a force of 750 men, Major Forbes set out on Sept. 23, 1893, to defeat a nation of many thousands. The little force, which included such men as Captain Borrow, Major Allan Wilson, Captain Spreckley, and, above all, the "thirty-four" who fell in the supreme tragedy of the

Lieut. Stoddart.

Capt. Judd.

Major Wilson.

Capt. Napier.

Capt. Fitzgerald.

Lieut. Hamilton.

Lieut. Williams.



Lieut. Sampson.

Adjutant Kennelly.

GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE VICTORIA COLUMN.

From "The Downfall of Lobengula."

pursuit, had so far recovered his spirits as to exterminate the Makatse and other unwarlike tribes, who had shown him their hospitality, and had received in turn this old-fashioned welcome. But Umziligazi had yet to deal with the Boers, with Kruger, with the steady arms and quick eyes of the men who made the Orange Free State, and to these he and his succumbed, retiring at last to become a new nation in a new country—the once dreaded Matabili, in the far land of wood and river and pasturage which the war has opened to the great white people.

From Umziligazi sprang King "Driven by the Wind"—Lobengula, to wit. He was the second child of the much-trusted man who killed his elder brother and died full of years and dishonours. But the young king, unlike his father, loved the white man and the white man's beer, and in return the white man saw that he was majestic, and looked six feet two inches a king. Many years passed, indeed, before the prospect of a collision between the people of "Driven by the Wind" and the exponents of the Greater Britain loomed upon the South African horizon. Kimberley arose; the gold rush absorbed the emigrant, who had left the old country with nothing in his head and little in his pocket; the Boer trouble held back the white man in humiliation; Mashonaland was glorified and floated. Lobengula should have held his land to his death, but the hereditary instinct in the sons of Chaka was too strong for him. They loved the gentle arts, and turning with the spring to thoughts of

emprise, was in every way well equipped. A trouble of horses had been overcome at the outset by the untiring energy of Dr. Jameson. The galloping Maxims were early in evidence, to warrant the confidence of Major Forbes. The commissariat was excellent; the general scheme of an advance in three divisions upon Bulawayo was carefully developed; and, as we know, the result was quick and sure. With the exception of the tragedy, the white man had no check. As he fought from a laager of wagons, the Maxims strewed the woods and plains about him with the bodies of the old warriors, who believed that a devil was in the guns. Even in the moment of death an aged Imbezu laughed aloud at the idea of being beaten by a lot of boys. But from humour the mood of the decimated raiders changed to terror, which, in its place, gave way to panic. Bulawayo was seized and burnt; Lobengula fled, leaving in his path the beer bottles which he had emptied; the best regiments, strong in the inherited traditions of Chaka, were but obituary lists; the seven hundred and fifty had done their work; it remained only for them to shout "Vive Maxim!" and to take possession of their substantial plunder. A few, however, yet desired to lay hands upon "Driven by the Wind," and in the ultimate pursuit of him fell Major Allan Wilson and the "thirty-four," who were hacked to pieces in that last great stand which is the dominating glory of this remarkable war. But the whole story of it, and of the men who accomplished these things, is carefully told in this volume, and the maps and pictures which accompany it are worthy of high praise.

M. P.

* "The Downfall of Lobengula." By W. A. Wills and L. T. Collingridge. London: African Review Offices.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

A. E. Stoddart and his team of English cricketers had a rare send-off at the Tilbury Docks last Friday, when they boarded the P. & O. steamer which was to carry them to Australia. Every man appeared to be in excellent spirits and, I am pleased to say, in splendid health. Johnny Briggs, who had not played since his accident at Lord's some weeks ago, was full of quips and cranks, and, no doubt, quite prepared to improve the occasion on the voyage out by getting up a fresh set of shark's yarns. The Surrey triumvirate—Brockwell, Lockwood, and Richardson—were like boys let loose from school. By-the-way, Brockwell, although a professional cricketer, is a man of some education. He will, I believe,

S. Hollis (Trainer).

J. Crozier.

H. Boyd.

D. Howat.

F. Davies.

J. Caldwell.



G. Crawford.

J. Henderson.

R. Stevenson.

P. O'Brien.

Photo by Symmons and Lister, Chancery Lane, W.C.

P. Mortimer.

L. Burrows.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL TEAM.

act as special correspondent for a daily paper. He also takes a kodak out with him, and will probably illustrate his own yarns.

Just a word about the finish of the cricket season. At the top of the batting averages we find Brockwell, whom, a short year ago, no one would have dreamed of placing above the form of a second-rater. His jump into fame and foremost place as a batsman is the more remarkable when one considers how much the wickets have been against the making of batting reputations. Last season, with everything in his favour, Brockwell's average was 21. This year, handicapped by soft wickets, he has suddenly leaped into first place with a handsome average of 38. What makes one's pleasure all the greater in congratulating Brockwell is the fact that his style of play is everything that could be desired. He is brilliant without being risky, and correct without being painfully slow. He combines in himself the defence of a Shrewsbury with the attacking powers of a Stoddart. Mention of Mr. Stoddart reminds me that, though his average has fallen from 40 odd to 30, the weather must be held accountable for the decline in his figures. Gunn, who shared the distinction of being at the top of the list last season, is again only separated by a fraction from the Middlesex amateur. Richardson has proved himself the greatest bowler of the year, and it is to be hoped that he will repeat his successes at the Antipodes.

FOOTBALL.

It may seem early in the season to prophesy, but on present form no team appear to have so strong a chance of carrying off the League Championship as Sunderland. The critical match of the early stage of the competition was played between Aston Villa and Sunderland at Birmingham. In order to win the championship, a club should win all home matches and a fair number away.

In the match under notice Aston Villa had the advantage of playing on their own ground and before their own spectators. Only those who have witnessed the fierceness of a League contest can realise what this means. If, under these circumstances, the visiting club wins, it may be

at once admitted that they are considerably superior to the home side. Sunderland have not a great reputation for pluck, but on this occasion they played with surprising dash and their usual superb combination and skill, with the result that they won by two goals to one. Next week Sunderland will have another opportunity of showing what they can do on their opponents' ground, when they meet the Wanderers at Bolton. Up to date, the Wanderers have shown strange in-and-out form. Perhaps the best thing they have done was to defeat the Liverpool Club at Liverpool, and one of the worst things has been their defeat at home by Preston North End. What the latter club was able to accomplish, Sunderland should be equally able to do.

Next to Sunderland, keep your eye on Everton. This club has the largest revenue and largest expenditure of any organisation in the country. If they hear of a good player they will have him by hook or crook. Yet, in spite of the power of the purse, they have only once won the League Championship, while they have never won the Association Cup. Their record in the League up to the present is a very fine one. Next Saturday they are at home to West Bromwich Albion, and, though the latter are a considerably improved team this season, they are hardly likely to beat Everton at home.

Aston Villa are by no means out of the running. If they can defeat

[Continued on page 497.]

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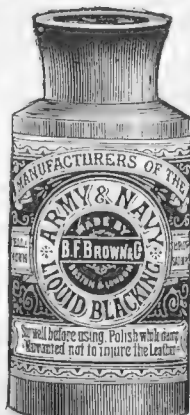
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Stoke at the pottery town next Saturday, their position in the League will be a strong one. Blackburn Rovers are unreliable, and it is impossible to say how they will fare against Sheffield Wednesday at the cutlery town. Burnley will be at home on Saturday to Derby County. The County men have not distinguished themselves this season, although the club includes such fine players as the brothers John and Archie Goodall.

The Woolwich Arsenal Football Club were the first to adopt professionalism in the south of England. Chiefly owing to this reason,

they were—up to the end of last season, at least—the strongest club in London or the south. Last year they occupied a good position in the Second Division of the League, and the chances are that they will take a fair place in the list this season, although they have not begun in the best possible manner. In friendly matches this year they can claim a win over Notts Forest. Storer, the goal-keeper, is a brother of the Derbyshire wicket-keeper. The backs are chosen from Powell, Caldwell, and Burrows. The latter is a local lad, and the only amateur in the team. At half-back Howat is the only one who played with the club as an amateur. He gets a benefit this season. Boyle, Davies,



Photo by Taylor, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

MR. ALFRED McQUEEN.

and Stevenson are all men of fairly good class. The forwards are all Scotchmen. Boyd at centre is a clever player, while Crawford and Henderson are the most consistent players the club has ever possessed. Mr. McQueen, the new chairman, has done much for the club in the past, and quite deserves the honour of presiding over its varying fortunes.

ATHLETICS.

This year the National Cross-Country Championship will be run in the southern counties, probably at Wembley Park. This means that there will be three big events in successive weeks—namely, the Southern, the Southern Junior, and the National Championships, in the order named. Most of the cross-country clubs open their season on Oct. 6. The following are the headquarters of the leading metropolitan clubs—

Blackheath H.—Green Man, Blackheath Hill.
Essex Beagles.—Forest Gate Hotel, Forest Gate, and Queen's Hotel, Grays, Essex.
Finchley H.—White Hart, Neasden.
Hampton Court H. and H.—New Inn, East Molesey.
Highgate H.—Bald-Faced Stag, East Finchley.
Lea H.—Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford.
Polytechnic H.—Cocoa Tree, Pinner.
Ranelagh H.—Green Man, Putney Heath.
South London H.—Croyham Arms, South Croydon.
Stoke Newington H.—Crown, Loughton.
Thames H. and H.—King's Head, Roehampton.
United Hospitals H. and H.—Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford.
Walthamstow H.—Lord Brooke, Shernhall Street, Walthamstow.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I am very sorry that Sir Matthew Wood, Bart., has resigned his position as manager of the Hurst Park Club. Sir Matthew got a capital list of members together, and he was much liked. His successor, Mr. Joe Davis, is very popular in racing circles, and I am certain that under his able management the dividend will go on growing until it reaches a big figure. Kempton Park pays 20 per cent. and a bonus, Manchester has paid nearly 40 per cent., and Sandown, which is very much overcrowded with capital, pays a steady 7 per cent. By-the-bye, how is it no races take place over the Straight Mile at Hurst Park? Can it be that there is any foundation for the rumour that it is 200 yards short of the required distance? I certainly think the directors should open a pay-gate at the back of Tagg's boat-house, so that foot-passengers might enter the course close to Hampton Court.

Lord Rosebery was much disappointed by the defeat of Iadas, but I believe the Premier is getting back a little of his old racing enthusiasm, and he will, I expect, have a few good two-year-olds next year. Matthew Dawson cannot quite drag himself away from his old love, and he will continue to train for Lord Rosebery; and, I believe, he will also train a few two-year-olds bred by the present Earl of Falmouth. Mr. Dawson expressed the hope that if he was to be beaten at Doncaster it would be

by a horse trained by his old friend John Porter, but he little thought Throstle would be the best of the Kingsclere lot. The result of the race must have brought back to his memory the win of Dutch Oven, who, by-the-bye, the bookmakers said was backed by somebody.

Mr. Tom Cannon has every reason to be satisfied with things in general just now. His horses are more than paying their hay and corn bill, and his boys are successful. Mr. Cannon learned all the intricacies of a jockey's art thoroughly, and his knowledge has been imparted to others to some purpose. One of his pupils, John Watts, is now a rich man, and Mornington Cannon is fast making a fortune. Mr. Cannon, sen., after a busy life, full of excitement and bustle, takes pleasure in leading a country gentleman's life, and does not attend a race meeting for the mere pleasure of the thing. He is, however, ably represented by his eldest son, Mr. T. Cannon, jun., who seemed to put on flesh from the moment he rode Gold-seeker to victory in the City and Suburban, and retired from the saddle to take up the reins of management at Danebury. Kempton Cannon, a younger son, is a boy of great promise. He is a perfect little

gentleman, without any of the jockey flashiness so apparent in some of the knights of the pigskin. Mr. Cannon the elder keeps a pack of hounds for the amusement of the residents in and around Stockbridge. He also dabbles in farming, which has not been a paying game down Hampshire way of late years.

Very little reliable information is to be had yet about the Autumn Handicaps, although a friend in the north of England tells me Newcourt is a certainty for the Cesarewitch. It is true that William P'Anson is invincible in training horses at any distance over a mile, but I hardly think Mr. Buchanan's horse is class enough for this journey. Amiable, on the St. Leger running, must not be made a loser—that is, if Lord Lurgan puts his money down. Filepa continues to do strong work, and William Goater can be relied on to give this candidate a perfect preparation. The Cambridgeshire is looked upon as being a good thing for El Diablo. This horse ran third to Avington and Prisoner for the Jubilee Stakes. Just before the race the Colonel told me that he had backed him for a place, but he favoured his other two, Lady Hermit and Royal Harry. So like the Colonel! I, for one, however, should hail with delight the win of El Diablo, as the Nitrate King has had very little return of late for his large outlay on racehorses.

The Ayr Meeting, last week, had a serious rival in the Manchester Meeting, but, notwithstanding, it passed off successfully. On Friday the race for the Ayr Gold Cup was won by Mimram very easily, being cleverly ridden by Harrison. The horse was trained by Raisin. The trophy is a remarkable one, and is a credit to its makers, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, who have used no less than 400 ounces of the precious metal in its manufacture. The artist's design is in the Italian style, ornamented with the conventional emblems of Scotland, with appropriate symbols of "Swiftess" and "Victory."



Photo by H. R. Sherlorn, Newmarket.

MR. TOM CANNON.



OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DRESSES AT DRURY LANE.

If you were to walk into a theatre while the play was going on, you might safely, without having the remotest knowledge of the plot, single out as the bold, bad adventuress that actress who was distinguished by the special splendour of her gowns. Certainly, this remark would hold good in the case of the new Drury Lane piece; for, though dozens of gorgeous and lovely dresses adorn the stage at one time or another during



the triumphant progress of "The Derby Winner," the costumes worn by Miss Alma Stanley as Vivienne Darville stand out from all the others by reason of their daring originality and striking beauty. As guides to forthcoming fashions, the said gowns are particularly valuable; therefore it behoves you all to give your special attention to the sketches and descriptions which I have got for you, with a view to utilising both when your next new dress begins to take shape and form. Imagine first, then, a plain, perfectly hanging skirt of pale tan-coloured satin cloth, bordered with a band of gold galon studded with gold sequins and square-cut emeralds, or their counterfeit presentments, with an emphasis on the "counterfeit." The accompanying bodice, which is cut corselet-fashion, is sewn thickly with large gold sequins, the puffed sleeves, which terminate at the elbow, be it noticed, being adorned in the same way. The yoke and vest are of white

accordion-pleated chiffon, outlined and banded across with the jewelled galon; while the draped collar, which terminates in a large chou at the back, is of black chiffon, and the waistband, tying in a smart bow at the left side, of black velvet, an arrangement of colour which is remarkably telling and distinctly becoming. The costume is completed by a triple cape of the cloth, lined with satin matching the emeralds in colour, and a sailor-shaped hat of tan-coloured fancy straw, the crown surrounded by a flounce of white chiffon and one large white-plumaged dove being poised in front.

One has hardly had time to fully appreciate the beauties of this lovely gown before it is cast aside for an eminently graceful Juliet tea-gown of accordion-pleated chiffon in a tender shade of sea-green. It is cut square at the throat, and the straightly-falling folds are bordered with narrow gold galon and loosely confined at the waist by a golden girdle, in which emeralds again appear, the huge bishop's sleeves of opal-tinted bengaline giving a finishing touch to the lovely scheme of colour. An exquisite garment, truly, its soft, clinging folds forming a striking contrast to the severe simplicity of the perfectly-cut black riding habit in which Miss Stanley next appears, and yet she looks supremely handsome in both. Then more splendour in the shape of an exquisite ball gown, the trained skirt, of white moiré antique, having the watered design outlined in silver sequins, a glittering belt of which encircles the waist. The bodice, which shows neither seam nor fastening, and is cut to the extreme limitation of lowness, is apparently just held on by braces of silver sequins, the sleeves, one of which is of sequined moiré antique, and the other of chiffon, falling right off the beautifully-rounded shoulders. Miss Stanley's style of hairdressing is as original as her gown. The hair is parted in the middle, where it lies perfectly sleek and smooth, held down at each side, about an inch from the parting, by a band of scintillating diamonds. From these lines of light it is softly waved, falling loosely just over the tips of the ear, and drawn into a loose coil at the back of the head, an arrangement which, for the few it would suit, is second to none, but which would have an appalling effect on the majority of faces.

And still we have not come to an end of the good things, for Miss Stanley has two more gowns, each perfect in its widely-different style. The first is a veritable poem in colour, the skirt being of rose-pink satin, bordered with a flounce of white accordion-pleated chiffon, edged with narrow, creamy-hued lace, another flounce encircling it just below the knees. The Louis bodice is of moiré glacé in an indescribable shade of creamy pinkish-yellow, and patterned with blurred sprays of mauve, yellow, and blue flowers, with tender green leaves, the whole effect being lovely, and almost too delicate to be appreciated across the foot-lights. This coat is adorned at each side with four large paste buttons, and is worn over a full vest of white chiffon, the whole being crowned by a picturesque hat of creamy Leghorn, trimmed with roses in all shades of pink and touches of black satin ribbon. Then last, but by no means least, comes a daring gown, which, as far as the plain skirt is concerned, is composed of prune-coloured cloth, the bodice being of accordion-pleated black chiffon, with broad braces of jet sequins falling below the waist in front, and terminating just below the shoulders at the back in long jet fringes. Round the waist there is a band of vivid turquoise-blue velvet, finished in a high bow at the left side, and there is a neckband to match, the accompanying headgear consisting of a butterfly-shaped toque of the velvet, a high black osprey rising from between the wings of the glittering silver butterfly, which is arranged in front. Who could withstand the fascinations of such gowns as these, which, as I think you will allow, are so full of good ideas that they simply cry aloud to be copied?

But Miss Beatrice Lamb's dresses must have some words of praise also, for they are every one charming, and set off her fair, stately beauty to the best advantage. She has two evening dresses, the first of ivory-white satin, the skirt opening at each side over panels of éceru lace and outlined with a ruching of satin ribbon, and the bodice being entirely veiled with the lace, which also forms the five frills which do duty as sleeves. Round the waist there is a sash of white satin, drawn into a rosette on the left side. The other, which is worn in the great ball-

room scene, is a trained Princess robe of black satin, veiled with black net, which, in its turn, is entirely covered with rows upon rows of closely-clustering diamond-shaped jet sequins, which go round the bodice and skirt, and make the dress one scintillating mass of brightness. The corsage is cut square, and the elbow-sleeves are slashed open at the sides to show the contrasting whiteness of the arm between, and tied on the shoulder with true-lovers' knots in jet. It is an extraordinarily effective production, and forms a striking contrast to Miss Stanley's glittering white raiment when the two women confront each other in the progress of the act. Another successful though simple dress of Miss Lamb's is of lavender-grey bengaline cloth, shot with green. An edging of black silk passementerie outlines the revers and collar of the coat bodice and passes down each side of the front, the turned-back coat-tails being ornamented with sundry buttons covered with the same passementerie. The full vest is of soft-white silk, and the hat—a Toreador as to shape—is of grey felt, trimmed with black pompons and a white osprey.

Pale petunia cloth, trimmed both on the bodice and skirt with tapering points of cream guipure appliqué, composes Miss Lamb's next gown, to be followed by an original dress, having a skirt of tan-coloured cloth, on which two large bows of black moiré are arranged, one at each side, and a smart coat bodice, in which the cloth only does duty as vest and cuffs, the remainder being of the black moiré. A touch of prettily-contrasting colour is given by the collar and waistband of turquoise-blue velvet, a twisted band of the same velvet passing up the left side of the bodice, and finishing midway in a small bow. The sleeves, too, are distinctly good, the top part being composed of a drooping puff of



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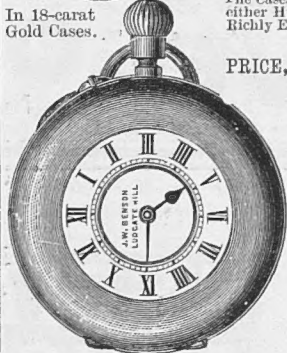
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the moiré, which overhangs the elbow, cape fashion, the tight-fitting cuffs of cloth being finished at the wrist by a rouleau of velvet. Miss Lamb's last dress is of vivid lettuce-green cloth, the skirt devoid of trimming, and the coat bodice being composed of alternate panels of cloth and white satin covered with deep cream-coloured guipure, and edged with a line of jet passementerie. The white satin vest is veiled by a jabot drapery of filmy yellowish lace, and a green velvet toque, with black jetted osprey, completes a very smart costume.

As for Mrs. John Wood, she has a business-like tailor-made costume of black-and-tan check cloth and an effective gown of olive-green cloth with velvet collar, revers, and cuffs, and vest of cream satin embroidered

in gold, while her ball gown is really beautiful. It is composed of silver-grey satin, and at each side of the trained skirt there is a panel of glittering silver and steel sequins, finished at the foot with clusters of Banksia roses, their curious saffron colour contrasting well with the silvery sheen of the satin. The bodice has a deep pointed corselet of silver and steel embroidery and shoulder-straps of roses, several of the same dainty flowers nestling in the folds of the velvet sleeves. After this, Mrs. Wood's dresses are too extreme to be taken seriously. Imagine one of red satin, brocaded with giant black circles arranged in vandykes, and interspersed with a large conventional foliage design; and another, though much more moderate one, of white satin, striped broadly with black, the coat bodice being combined with black satin and cream guipure, and having a full front of pink chiffon. As to the last dress, it simply screams at you, and positively makes you blink your eyes, as you may imagine when I tell you that it is fashioned of black

satin, brocaded with mammoth roses in yellow and red, and leaves in an aggressive shade of green. Then the bodice boasts of sleeves in two colours, the right sleeve being of poppy-red, and the left of leaf-green velvet. Nor is this all, for there is a vest of salmon-pink chiffon, and these colours fight together again in the shape of the nodding ostrich tips which bedeck "the Duchess's" black lace hat. Truly, we have sinned this season in the way of combining colours which were only intended to pass each other on different sides of the street, but we have hardly deserved such a reproof as this. However, putting that aside, the feast of gowns at Drury Lane is a most gorgeous and satisfying one, and I only wish that I could tell you of the beauties of the crowd of dresses which at one time or another make the stage look like a living fashion-plate. But space expands for no man, or woman either, so I must just content myself by mentioning that over fifty of these additional dresses were made by Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, who were also responsible for Miss Lamb's second dress, and for all Miss Pattie Browne's dainty costumes, though I expect that this information will make you more anxious to hear of the unrevealed glories of the said gowns.

Passengers to the Continent will be interested to hear of a great improvement in the Zealand Steamship Company's Queenborough-Flushing service. Hitherto, it has been necessary to walk some little distance from the boat to the station at Flushing, but the new station, which has been built adjoining the landing-stage, has been opened for traffic. Important alterations have been made in the mail service between Germany and England, and the journey from Berlin to London, *via* Flushing, is now done in the quickest time on record, 20¾ hours.

For Lingfield Races, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2 and 3, the Brighton Railway Company announce the usual special trains at cheap fares, including admission to the racecourse, from Victoria, London Bridge, Brighton, and Tunbridge Wells, also cheap day tickets from Hastings, Eastbourne, Lewes, &c., and a special first-class train, for members only, from Victoria at 11.55 a.m. for Lingfield direct.

THE BOOK OF THE PERIOD; OR, IS CIRCE DEAD?

Of old there lived a mighty enchantress, yclept Circe. Of her wondrous enchantments and alluring beauty there has come to us through the centuries a marvellous array of fancies and fables. She it was who enticed and overcame the strength and might of men, and by her cruel wiles lured them to destruction. None might withstand her, the light in her eyes playing like a witch-light (otherwise CH₄) above a dark well of waters, from which whosoever looked drew such a thirst that alone could be quenched in the fiery magic cup, held out in her cool, white fingers to the lips of her victim. And then, cruel enchantress! thou, with a mocking smile lurking round thy rosy mouth, gazest, while that before thee, with hideous hoof and piteous snout, wallows at thy feet, with muffled snorts of despair, filling thee with laughter of scorn!

Thus have we pictured the Circe of old days to our eyes. And yet, twice more have two great masters brought to life for us the awe and wonder of moderns.

Once we stood in a great hall, where a wide, low-shaded window, opening out upon the noonday sea, and there, coming towards the Ææan Isle, are the ships of Ulysses. And who is this with dusky hair, bending low, in her hand the phial containing the lethal drops, with which she prepares the alluring, porcine draught? Oh, fateful daughter of the Sun! more beautiful than the sacred flowers, this time in part only shalt thou prevail. Thy feast is prepared, but in a little while thou shalt choose between the sword and the undoing of thy wicked spells.

The second picture, though in words, is no less clear to look upon. We stand in a dark wood: before is the Ææan Palace, and the goddess herself stands white against the gloom, between the marble pillars. Carelessly, her left hand holds, hanging loosely, the deep cup, ivy-cinctured. It is empty, and at her feet reclines a youth, a belated worshipper of great Pan. The wine works in his brain, and he sings of strange memories. And one, too, the great wanderer himself, stands by and listens to this strayed reveller. But no more doth the magic wand touch the form of the wine-drinker. The wand is broken, maybe the wine spilt. And the goddess, where is she now? The gods are dead, but she liveth.

Subtle and spell-binding as of old, she dwelleth in the Book of the Period. Still her trailing, red-stained madness lurks hidden between the



DRAWN BY SANDYS.

leaves of books fresh from the publisher; though stained black with time, the strength of her poison is potent to brain-whirl. And what of her wand? Verily, there is that in the world that proves her power living, and the wand not broken, or possession of an unrivalled one new!

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 22, 1894.

During the week nearly half a million in gold has been withdrawn from the Bank of England for export on balance, German demands not only intercepting fresh supplies, but trenching on the bullion stock at Threadneedle Street. This drain of the yellow metal appears, however, to be only of a temporary character, being the natural result of the craze for German Threes that has been a feature of investments for some time on the London market, and not without justification at the price. Notwithstanding these withdrawals, the reserve remains as big as ever, thanks to the return of notes from the country, and the Bank rate continues at 2 per cent. for the thirty-first successive week. Discount brokers have assured us daily that bill rates were firmer, but three-months' fine paper was quoted $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9-16 per cent. when we wrote last, and the figure is precisely the same now. To discover any intermediate hardening would require a microscope.

Nothing could show more clearly the distress of Lombard Street than the result of the tenders for the New South Wales issue of £832,000 in Three and a Half per Cent. Inscribed Stock, which was allotted on Thursday. The stock was offered at par, and the amount was applied for to the amount of more than 4½ millions. Some people actually gave as much as 102 for it, while it went at an average of £101 14s. 8d. But the most interesting point was the reappearance in full force of the syndicates that used to be such an indispensable feature of Colonial issues. Those syndicates wait until the last moment before handing in their tenders, so that they may obtain what they want without bidding a fraction more than is absolutely necessary; but so strong was the demand for the stock that in this case they got only about 6 per cent. of what they asked, although their bids were at £1 13s. premium. This renders assured the success of the Cape issue to be tendered for on Nov. 1—half a million in Three per Cent. Inscribed Stock at a minimum of 99. The colony is fortunate in its choice of an opportunity, for this is the first time the Cape has attempted to borrow on a 3 per cent. basis.

Silver is not making headway at present, for it was quoted at 29 9-16d. per standard ounce for bars when we last wrote, and it now stands at 29½d. The market in the metal is at present like the snail in the school problem, which slid two inches back for every inch it went forward; but there is a general feeling in expert City circles that silver is more likely to work upwards than downwards now, not necessarily from day to day, but from month to month. This belief is reflected in the price of Mexican Sixes, which have advanced during the week from 64½ to 66, although silver was weak for the time being. We have always insisted on the honesty of the Mexican Government, and each rise in the price of the metal renders less possible the recurrence of bearish talk about scaling down of interest. To see Brazilian Fours at 76½ and Mexican Sixes at only 66 is simply absurd. The quotations should at the very least be reversed.

Our advice not to follow the Brazilian rise further has been borne out by events, for the 1889 loan, which is the representative issue, finishes the week lower than it began, and this notwithstanding the sensational rise in Rio exchange, which has advanced from 10 7-16d. to 12 5-8d. per milreis. Part of this improvement must be put down to the excellence of the coffee, cotton, and rubber crops, but it is far too sudden to be due entirely to natural conditions. The rise is mainly speculative, based on the knowledge that negotiations are in progress for a new loan of three millions sterling, and also for the purchase of a railway in San Paulo called the Sorocabana, the purchase price of which would be several millions more, while the Western of Minas deal, mentioned in a previous letter, has also assisted. The good effect of all these developments has been discounted, we imagine, and any further support to the market will be artificial and interested. We make one exception, however—the Leopoldina group of railways (comprising the Macahé and Campos and the Cantagallo), in regard to which important negotiations are proceeding, although we are not at liberty at present to disclose their nature.

Another thing for which you should be prepared is the issue of a Chinese loan on the London market. This was talked about before, but Berlin was supposed to have secured it. We have ascertained, however, that active negotiations are now going on for bringing out such a loan here. If Japan thinks she has crushed China by the victory at Ping-Yang and the great sea-fight in Corea Bay, she is very much mistaken. China is only beginning to realise that she is at war, and that she must provide the sinews for the same.

The shares of the nitrate producing companies are attracting a good deal of notice just now, and they have advanced so steadily for some months that a reaction is generally predicted, especially as the output of the chemical is falling off. This, however, cuts both ways, as reduced production means higher prices.

Although on Wednesday the shareholders of the G. H. Hammond Company intimated their adherence to the scheme formulated by Mr. Ellerman for funding the arrears of preference dividend, we question if a dozen of them understood it. Certainly, the company's report did not make it comprehensible, and Mr. Ellerman's speech adroitly avoided all the points on which information was desirable. The preference shareholders were glad to sanction any plan that gave them their arrears, even in scrip; but it is difficult to see how a company that has been unable for so long a time to pay dividends on the present capital should be able to leap at once into paying interest on the preference capital swelled by 1,100,000 dollars, and also on a new issue

of income stock. It is quite true that the floating debt will be reduced, but its place is taken by fresh capital. This relieves the strain on the company, but it does not bring the shareholders quite so near prosperity as they seem to imagine.

Interest in the Mining market has centred almost entirely this week in Western Australian descriptions, for which an insane rush is being made. Presently the feeling of novelty will wear off, and the public will realise that every hole in the ground at Coolgardie is not brimming over with nuggets, and that in other parts of the world there are old friends at least quite as promising as the new. While the market is in its present temper there is little use in directing attention to any former favourite, but if you wish to try a speculation involving very little risk and with a good prospect of success, we should advise a purchase of a few Kaboongas, which may be picked up at a shilling, or less. There is a call of sixpence due under the reconstruction, but this makes them fully paid at five shillings, the total cost being eighteenpence. There is a strong probability that the funds raised by this call will enable the company to reach almost immediately the alluvial in the old river bed, which borings have already touched, and if the gravel should prove anything like what has been discovered by other miners on the same course the shares would fly up very fast. In any case, you do not risk much with such a cheap share.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE BLACKETT'S CLAIM GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.—This Western Australian venture is offering 27,000 shares of £1 each for public subscription. There have been worse gold mining companies from the same district lately offered, but the working capital of £15,000 is too small, and there is no reasonable certainty of getting water sufficient to run a battery. Intending investors should note that the chairman is interested in the sale, that the objectionable waiver clause appears in the prospectus, and that our old friend Mr. Z. Lane is to be consulting engineer. For premium hunters the thing may be worth the risk of an application, but as a mining investment (if there is such a thing) we do not advise our readers to put down their money.

THE GREAT COOLGARDIE GOLD MINE, LIMITED.—Promoters seem to have turned their attention to Western Australia to the exclusion of everything else, and this company is one of the many ventures with which the market is inundated; 57,000 shares of £1 each are offered for subscription, and we confess we like the concern far better than the majority of mines lately offered. There seems some prospect of the property having the same reef as that from which Bayley and his partner reaped such a rich reward; so that in this case there is more prospect of success than if the property were situated somewhere in the district, which is usually all that can be said, and but for the fact that £15,000 is far too little working capital we should consider the concern a very fair venture.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YORKE.—We have a very poor opinion of the mine you mention. It is a third reconstruction of the original affair, and neither the Board nor the secretary inspires confidence. Gamble in the shares if you like, but we have no information which encourages us to advise such a course. As to the firm you mention, you had far better have no dealings with them, and put their circulars in the waste-paper basket unread. The other mine mentioned in your last letter is to be avoided.

JAPAN.—The people whose circular you send us are money-lenders. No person in anything but a moment of insanity would deposit money with them at three months' or any other notice. Remember Barker's Bank.

F. C. M.—We advise you to hold, and not to sell your shares.

SAMBO.—(1) Sell your Western Australian mining shares while you can get a premium. (2) We cannot advise Paccha Nitrate shares at the present price. You should have bought when we recommended these shares not very long ago at about 2½. (3) We consider Nitrate Rails a good investment for any person who wants a high rate of interest and is willing to run some risk to get it.

VICTIM.—(1) The people you mention are mere vulgar swindlers. Have no dealings with them, or in any stock they recommend. (2) We consider the Universal Stock Exchange safe to do business with; as far as we know, they pay promptly and conduct their business honestly.

BREWERY.—Yes, United States Brewery debentures are a good purchase, but you will have difficulty in buying. The preference shares are also cheap. We do not like the New England Breweries Company as well, but the debentures are cheap enough.

TRUST.—The rise in Trust Companies' stock has gone on even more rapidly than we led you to expect some months ago. Do not sell your holding just yet. The Industrial Trust dividend has, no doubt, reached you before now, so your last question requires no answer.

EMILY.—Buy some good Colonial Corporation stocks, such as Wellington, Dunedin, or Auckland Six per Cent. Bonds. Ask your bankers to buy for you very long dated bonds, or get some friend to introduce you to a broker who is a member of the Stock Exchange. We cannot recommend any firm, as it is against our rules.

R. B. D.—The concern was wound up years ago. You will never get a farthing of your money back.

INVESTOR.—You seem to have fallen among thieves. The people whose circular you send us are a very bad lot, and your only chance of getting your money or your stock is for some sharp City solicitor to take the matter in hand at once. Let this be a warning to you not to deal with advertising touts.

BRISTOL.—(1) There is a Chinese loan on foot, and active negotiations are going on for bringing it out here, we know. (2) Support the scheme for raising working capital: it is better than the alternative of liquidation. (3) This company was ordered to be wound up on Wednesday last; you may write it off as a bad debt.